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LONDON, SATURDAY, DEC. 8, 1860.

REVIEWS.

PROGRESS OF SOCIETY.*

It is a curious and significant fact that the ancients always fixed their golden age in the past, whilst the moderns anticipate ours in the future. The ancients regarded the present as a stage in degeneracy; the moderns look upon it as a step to progress. The old heathen philosophers and poets cast a constant glance of regret at the remote ages of the *Saturnia regna*, and were ever ready to exclaim—

"There hath passed away a glory from the earth."

The philosophers and poets of our own day look back with the cold aspect of scientific austerity upon the distant epochs of barbarism or ignorance; and then, with a sigh of relief, turn their gaze to a future more golden than the golden age of Saturn,

"Proclaiming social truth shall spread,
And justice."

Whilst we may fairly congratulate ourselves on having exchanged a morbid longing after days gone by, for an eager desire to improve those that are to come, it behoves us to show all diligence, lest in Utopian dreams of the future we neglect the practical means for their realisation in the present. It is so easy to get up and harangue, or sit down and write, about the mitigation of social evils and the amelioration of social conditions. We are almost in daily expectation of finding that there has been organised a society, for the reform of Society, with a Committee and Subscription List, and an annual dinner at the Freemasons' Tavern.

In the case of the volume before us, "*The Philosophy of Progress in Human Affairs*," we are glad to be able to say that it is written in a thoughtful spirit, without any unreasonable contempt for the past, any unbecoming virulence against the present, or any chimerical anticipations of the future. At the same time, we cannot but express some disappointment. The "*Philosophy of Progress*" is not likely to prove of much service in advancing the progress of philosophy; and all who have even dipped into the profound speculations of Comte, or of his brilliant English disciple, J. S. Mill, will have nothing to learn from this new contribution to sociological literature. Many, however, who either through indolence or intellectual incapacity could not ascend to the great fountain-head, may here drink without much toil or research, and though their draught may be less invigorating and less pure, it is better that they should enjoy even this than not imbibe the waters at all. Nothing is more necessary than to bear constantly in mind that knowledge, like the *Æschylean Justice*, has three distinct degrees. "Some are in the full light of day; others abide in dim twilight; and others are environed by hopeless night." For such as are in the second of these stages in knowledge of the philosophy of society, Mr. Slack's volume will be eminently useful.

The author sets up his framework with logical order and precision. His fundamental doctrine is the dominion of law. He asserts—for he can hardly be said to prove—that the sequences of social events are as much subject to distinct laws as those of astronomical phenomena. One set of events is the logical

antecedent of that which follows, and stands to it in the relation of cause to effect. Supposing that the nature of the subject permitted us to make experiments instead of confining us to observation and comparison, we should find that the reproduction in society of the antecedent circumstances would infallibly be attended in due time by the return of those which were formerly subsequent. In fact, there is a perfect analogy between the facts of the physical universe and the facts of society. However often we may introduce a lighted taper into a jar of carbonic acid gas, it will be extinguished; however we may vary the surrounding circumstances, we cannot produce one form of electricity without also producing its contrary. So in the more complex and inapprehensible phenomena of society we discover that the laws which regulate them are entirely inexorable; we discover, for instance, that where a state has become permeated with the commercial spirit, its decay speedily follows; or that, just as in the human body, life ceases when the continuous decomposition of organic tissue has ceased, so in the political body, vitality disappears the moment that the principles of constant change and illimitable variety have ceased to operate. If ever another nation should display the same features, the same developments of the commercial spirit, as Tyre and Carthage and Venice, we may predict their fate with as much confidence as we should predict that an acid and an alkali will neutralise one another. If ever we see any European nation quench individual effort, as has been the case in China, we need not scruple to announce that it will speedily sink into Chinese putrescence.

Having laid down this general position, which we confess he does in a very meagre and bald manner, Mr. Slack proceeds to enunciate the great Comtian generalisation—a generalisation, by the way, which its illustrious discoverer arrived at before he was four and twenty years old—that there are three stages of social progress—the theological, when men explain phenomena by supernatural agencies; the metaphysical, when they explain them by abstract or inherent properties; and finally, the positive, when they are content with ascertaining the laws which govern them, "without attempting to penetrate on any ground whatever their intimate nature." The reader may judge how imperfectly Mr. Slack has promulgated this gigantic law, when we say that it is comprehended within the narrow limits of thirteen large-typed octavo pages. When compared with the splendid epitome by Miss Martineau in her chapter on "*Social Dynamics*," ("Comte's Positive Philosophy," vol. ii., c. vi.), or with Mill's remarks on "*The Historical Method*" ("*System of Logic*," bk. vi., c. x.), Mr. Slack's account is highly unsatisfactory. We have scarcely broken ground on the question, whether sociology is a possible science, whether there is a necessary relation between all the aspects of the same social organism, "a point," says Comte, "on which there is now little difference of opinion among sound thinkers." Mr. Slack has not given himself sufficient room in settling this important premise, and though his remarks may serve as a tolerably lucid enunciation, they cannot be taken for an exposition either of its recondit significance, or of its demonstrable certainty.

Let us leave the region of first principles, however, for those of the second order. The science of the laws of society is a possible science. What method of investigation we are to pursue seems to come next in logical sequence, but on this point Mr. Slack is all

but silent. The only remarks bearing at all directly on the subject are comprised in one short page (p. 58), and are of the most incomplete character. We are quite prepared to admit that social science is in a lamentably crude condition, but we must not conceal from ourselves that it is likely always to remain so, if those who write on it are content to stumble on without any notion either of the nature of the matter, or of the method most suited to it. Social science, like morals in the days of Aristotle, is essentially tentative, and we are bound to be satisfied with "a degree of clearness in proportion to the nature of the subject-matter." Morals, in fact, are far more difficult of investigation than social science. The data are more difficult to ascertain, and the disturbing circumstances are more manifold. We argue, then, that Mr. Slack should have commenced with some method of investigation, tentative though it might be. Our space prevents us from entering into the elaborate discussion which this important point demands. The method proper for social science, indispensable as it is to all successful prosecution of that science, seems to have been entirely overlooked by English writers and orators. In all those prolix harangues which have been delivered by Lord Brougham and others at the various Congresses, we nowhere detect any mention of applying a strict method for evolving the laws of social phenomena. Now we maintain that papers may be read till doomsday about Soup-Kitchens, and Ragged-Schools, and Mechanics' Institutes, and the other paraphernalia of modern philanthropy, without any perceptible advance being made towards the formation of any system of social philosophy. Let us not for one moment be thought to condemn the self-denying efforts of those who have founded, or those who support, these institutions. We estimate such efforts most highly, and we must look upon the virtuous and benevolent persons who have made and are making them, as the very salt of the earth. But let us form a correct idea of the functions of those who aspire to be the renovators of society; and for ourselves, we hold that the most important of these functions is the establishment of methodical principles. There seem to us to be two guiding doctrines for all social philosophers—(1) to take the facts of human nature and human society as they are found, and (2) to develop improvement from within rather than force it from without.

We shall notice two of the points which Mr. Slack enumerates amongst the requisites for the progress of society and the advancement of civilisation in this country. First, the necessity for carefully guarding against legislative interference in affairs which do not come within the legitimate functions of the legislature. "At present," says Mr. Slack, "we in this country are in a condition of over-legislation." From this view we are inclined altogether to dissent. We do not believe that acts of parliament are found to control a man's opinion, or restrain his freedom of action, beyond such limits as are imposed by considerations of the general welfare. There can be no question that the more civilisation advances, and the stronger and more self-reliant society becomes, the wider will these limits extend, and if ever we are destined to reach a Utopian or millenarian period, undoubtedly, we are also destined to dispense with all legislation whatever.

There are a few cases in which a citizen is not permitted to do what constitute only "self-regarding" actions, or in which he is prohibited from deeds concerning no one but

* *The Philosophy of Progress in Human Affairs*. By Henry James Slack, F.G.S. (London: Chapman and Hall, 1860.)

himself. For example, a non-sabbatarian may not buy a glass of beer after eleven o'clock on Sunday evening. In fact, we look in vain for any instances of the legislature interfering in actions of this self-regarding order which may not be put into this sabbatarian category; and of these we need not now speak. Whether sabbatarian legislation is good or evil, whether the benefits conferred by it on a certain class fairly counterbalance the benefits of which it deprives a certain other class, this is not the place to inquire. But even conceding to Mr. Slack that these peculiar laws relating to Sunday trading are cases of an illegitimate state interference, and for inadequate advantages, we still think that they form a very insufficient basis for the tremendous general statement that we are in a condition of over-legislation. Perhaps Mr. Slack will point to the Ten Hours' Factory Bill, and say that it is an unjustifiable meddling with the rights of the subject. If the operatives choose to work more than ten hours, why on earth should we have an act of parliament to prevent them? Are they not full-grown men and women, and capable of discerning and guarding their own interests? As we have said, if we were living in Utopia this argument would be perfectly tenable; but as it happens, we are living in England in the nineteenth century, when the employer, in his desire to accumulate wealth, forgets that he is stunting the physical and quenching the intellectual and moral growth of the employed. It is in the nature of things that a master should turn the workman into a machine, and that a cotton-spinner, who has never developed his own faculties (except those of acquisitiveness), should ignore all necessity for educating those who are the instruments for attaining his ends. But are we to stand patiently by, and see the population of vast and important districts existing and labouring under a system which dwarfs their bodies and extinguishes their minds, and all to satisfy the *doctrine* and his pet cry of "over-legislation"? No, emphatically no! The state, we do not say has a right, but is bound, to step in and protect herself in protecting these her citizens; she is bound so to do for present interests, but ten thousand times more is she bound for the interests of posterity. So far are we from agreeing with Mr. Slack in his complaint of over-legislation, that we are strongly of opinion that one of the most efficacious remedies for what is unquestionably the most fatal of all maladies, is to be sought for in an active and vigilant interference of the legislature—we mean in the department of education. When we calmly consider the darkness which hangs over the minds of the operative classes of this country, and their profound and incredible ignorance; when we remember that from them all the splendour of the intellectual world is as effectually veiled as the splendour of the physical world from the blind man; for them all the wisest and best sayings of the wisest and best men are as if they had been unsaid; and that the lofty speculations of the philosopher, the persuasiveness of the moralist, the self-sacrificing deeds of the hero, and the sublime songs of the poet, are a dreary, hopeless blank to them—are we not filled with compassion and amazement, and are we not indignant alike with the demagogue who expects to dissipate this overwhelming cloud by conferring a vote, and with the *doctrinaire* who says, Better this than legislative interference?

We maintain that this is precisely the case where the legislature ought to interfere. Voluntary ignorance should be penal. Manual labour in all mines, factories, and collieries,

should be expressly prohibited unless it has been preceded by a certain amount of education. The general principle has been already recognised by the legislature. According to what is called the half-time factory system, no child under the age of thirteen may work more than half-time, and the remainder must be spent in school. But notwithstanding this recognition of the principle, a valuable measure, based on precisely the same principle, was lost during the last session. We refer to the bill introduced by Mr. Adderley and Sir Stafford Northcote (April 20, 1860), by which no child under the age of twelve should be permitted to work in any mine, factory, farm, &c., unless able to read and write, or unless the employer guaranteed that it should go to school not fewer than twenty hours per month. No doubt it was through some fear of "over-legislation" that this important measure was lost, or possibly lest the "collective wisdom" of the nation should not have time to deliver itself of all its blatant talk about the Reform Bill.

We are conscious that this view of the necessity of state interference to compel education may appear inconsistent with the doctrine with which we started, that all development must be from within, not imposed from without. This inconsistency, however, will be found on examination to be merely apparent. In the case of an adult, such legislation would be unquestionably illegitimate, but children are irresponsible and helpless. The state therefore steps in and exercises a protective power against parents or employers, who might otherwise forget the trust which is morally reposed in them, but which is in practice frequently betrayed from considerations of selfishness and cupidity. If a working man brings children into the world whom he cannot support or educate, the state has a right to protect them against such a parent, who has not only been the means of their existence in an over-crowded stratum of society, but who will do his best, involuntarily or otherwise, to make that existence as worthless as it can well be, both for themselves and for the world.

There can, then, be no more important element in social progress than the wide diffusion of education. As Mr. J. S. Mill has remarked ("Thoughts on Parliamentary Reform," p. 24), there is nothing which is at once so Conservative and so Liberal. "None are so illiberal, none so bigoted in their hostility to improvement, none so superstitiously attached to the stupidest and worst of old forms and usages, as the uneducated. None are so unscrupulous, none so eager to clutch at whatever they have not and others have, as the uneducated in possession of power."

The second subject which we consider especially notable in Mr. Slack's volume is the social position of women (c. ix.). The chapter devoted to this most important topic is perhaps the most remarkable in the book. Mr. Slack has not shrunk from a bold declaration of an opinion entirely antagonistic to all popular notions, and one which is commonly met with sneers and ridicule. However much people may detest the doctrine here promulgated, they can scarcely fail to admire the moral courage of an author who, convinced in his own mind of its profound truth, has dared to endeavour to persuade others into a similar belief.

Mr. Slack's position is, that in a state of perfect civilisation women will enjoy equality—(1) of education; (2) of property rights; (3) of domestic rights; (4) of freedom in seeking congenial occupation; and (5) in

public affairs. The principle on which he makes these demands is, that "the foundation of the rights of women is the same as that of men—both possess faculties which they are entitled to develop" (p. 98). If all this had been said by a woman, it is possible that we might have passed it over; but coming as it does from a man of some erudition and some powers of thought, it forms a most remarkable symptom that an important revolution in the position of the female sex is already fermenting, and will in due course be fully consummated. The writings of Comte and J. S. Mill have in some degree familiarised this idea of what the latter author has named "the enfranchisement of women." A large variety of questions relative to the employment of women has arisen within the last three or four years; and the fact that so many thoughtful works and articles are written, and so many journals established, for the express purpose of calling public attention to the social position of women, plainly indicates that the most active minds of the day are deeply concerned at the anomaly which causes the vigorous development in one sex of the very faculties which it suppresses in the other. The very beings amongst whom man finds his closest and most intimate companions in the journey of life, are precisely those whom he does his best to enfeeble, by restraining their education and surrounding them with factitious barriers almost as degrading as those set up by the barbarous Oriental. A man has rarely a friend with whom he passes so much time, or has such constant converse, as with the so-called wife of his bosom; yet he does not expect to find in her any single qualification which constitutes the charm of male friendship. In most cases she is unable to comprehend the pursuits in which he passes his existence. She is shut out from every opportunity of acquiring large knowledge; and reasoning powers, commonly regarded as the most honourable in a man, are stigmatised as odious in a woman. The majority of men look upon women as Scott seems to have done—either as frivolous, whimsical creatures, whom it is their duty "to please," or else as "ministering angels," which may be interpreted as "patient drudges." Most women, married and single, are treated with the pleasant form of pity known as politeness, on the one hand, or with an openly-avowed contempt of their opinion, on the other. It is difficult to decide whether a woman is more insulted by the simpering fop, or by the brusqueness which exclaims—"What can a woman know about these things!" To borrow the acute argument of J. S. Mill, "Those who are associated in their lives tend to become assimilated in their character;" so that actually a man who desires to retain his manliness, must rather shun female companionship, than otherwise. The old proverb that a man may be known by the company he keeps, contains the same truth; and a man cannot long associate with an uneducated woman without losing some of his own refinement.

The greater portion of unhappiness in this country unquestionably arises from the faults of our sex-relations. Our wives and sisters are playthings, or "ministering angels," instead of intelligent and appreciative companions, to share our ambition, to help us in our daily pursuits, and to show themselves of like nature with us. Mr. Slack appositely quotes the forcible lines:—

"Whoever says
To a loyal woman, 'Love and work with me,'
Will get fair answers, if the work and love,
Being good themselves, are good for her."

We are sorry that the length of our article

forbids us to discuss this most grave and momentous question. Mr. Mill acutely maintained that it is now in a stage when nothing but calm argumentation could advance it, and for a pattern of dialectics we recommend our readers to the splendid essay to which we have already alluded—"On the Enfranchisement of Women." We have no sympathy with those singularly wrong-headed females who, equipped in Bloomer or other *outré* garments, declaim about their rights and their wrongs in a ceaseless torrent of exaggerated language, supposing that they shall be heard for their much speaking. Calm logic will win the fight, not impassioned fustian.

We are surprised to find that Mr. Slack does not allude to what is probably the most valuable work on the details of this great matter—Miss Shirreff's "Intellectual Education, and its Influence on the Character and Happiness of Women."* We cannot too highly recommend it to all who are interested in improving female character, and increasing female happiness.

We have, in conclusion, to thank Mr. Slack for the volume before us. As we have abundantly shown, it is too curt and crude, but it is calculated at least to stimulate inquiry. Yet we close the book with a somewhat mournful feeling; and when we reflect on what society is, how vastly removed from the poorest ideal of perfection, there seems every reason to despair. Many will sneer at a Utopian picture which they are either too imbecile to comprehend or too selfish to desire. But this will not deter the strong-hearted man who rightly understands the power of individual action and individual example. The labour of him who believes in a duty to society, lies in an unpleasant and seemingly a barren region—rooms crowded with dirty and rough-handed men, schools attended by careless and rude children, dignified assemblies whose "collective wisdom" he will have to impugn, and coarse mobs to whom he will have to say unpleasant things. He may have to work on in solitude,

"To scorn delights, and live laborious days."

but he will be consoled by remembering that it has ever been from such lives as this that the world has derived its most substantial blessings.

* Published by J. W. Parker & Son. 1858.

THE HORSE AND HIS RIDER.*

RECENT events ought to have brought some consolation to the philosophers who tell us that civilisation is stifling individuality and reducing us all to a dead level of drilled uniformity. The "withered individual" of "Locksley Hall" is putting forth shoots as vigorous as if the dressing administered to him in the "Essay on Liberty," were not less rejuvenising than the cutting up and pickling process invented by Medea. We need not go to Garibaldi, Cavour, or Napoleon, or even speculate on the age of Lord Palmerston, or the gout of Lord Derby. Why need Europe or the peerage be ransacked for illustrations by those who have seen the pluck of one heroic bricklayer restore the decayed gentility of pugilism, and who recognise a mighty reformer in Mr. Rarey, tamer of horses? The revolution which this great regenerator started in the stable has overrun boudoir, breakfast-table, and dining-room, and is now, after the fashion of the nineteenth century conquerors, taking up a position in our library. Mr. Rarey has done for the science of horsemanship what Pope did for poetry. From Mr. Briggs to the Prince of Wales,

every one has had enough equestrian experience, graceful or ludicrous, to constitute him, in his own eyes, a judge of hocks and hoofs. Every member of the pack is ready to give tongue, and so we hail it as a piece of good fortune that the concert should be opened by a veteran so well known in the field as the author of "The Horse and His Rider." The title is a little too ambitious, and raises expectations which the writer evidently never intended to gratify; but this mistake is rectified by a modest preface, where Sir Francis Head assigns as his chief qualification for the task, that, "throughout a long and chequered career, he has had to do an amount of rough riding, a little larger than has fallen to the lot of many men." The rough riding, moreover, has fallen in very out-of-the-way places. It is an old adage, that to thoroughly understand civilised man, one must know something of barbarous man, and we do not see why this should not equally apply to horses. If so, Sir Francis Head has been to a good school. He has studied under the South American centaurs, the Chiron of modern days, who has—

"To such wondrous doings brought his horse,
As he had been incensed and demy-natured
With the brave beast."

To the "wild rider" of the regions which lie between Buenos Ayres and Santiago, we owe two very important suggestions, the one for the improvement of our Horse Artillery, the other for that of our Cavalry. The great secret of success in a campaign is celerity, and yet, as Marshal Saxe expressed it, the "arms of war are much longer than the legs." Many a manoeuvre is foiled by the impossibility of obtaining, through the deficiency of horse-power, the timely aid of artillery. To remedy this, we must not be above taking a hint from our wild friends in South America. There every horse and rider is trained to the use of a harness, "composed of a surcingle and a single trace," which, without interfering with their ordinary duties, makes them upon an emergency "available for all purposes of draught." The other suggestion is a proposal to convert our cavalry into "mounted infantry" by the use of a "hobble or portable anchor," which, securing the horse to any required spot, leaves his rider free to discharge all the duties of a foot soldier. "In Mendoza, San Luis, Santiago, &c., every cavalry soldier carries a pair of such hobbles." This suggestion was about six months ago submitted to Sir John Burgoyne, and we are glad to hear that at Aldershot the experiment has been successfully made. Perhaps this "hobbling" clears up a mystery which in Livy's first decade must have often perplexed the reader who wonders what becomes of the horses, when the impetuous valour of dismounted knights turns the tide of so many a doubtful fray. In Europe, hobbling may be after all a recovered art. The proposal is interesting from a social as well as a military point of view. We can fancy with what disgust one of Leech's heavy dragoons must regard this degrading approximation to the utility of the foot-soldier. A Belgravian flunkey who considers it his mission to lounge about the hall, and look handsome out of the windows, could scarcely feel more keenly the indignity of being requested to carry up stairs a scuttle of coals. Besides, such a reform must remove a great deal of that jealousy between these two branches of the service which has more than once weakened their effective co-operation, and which so recently contributed to the brilliant, but disastrous, blunder of Balaklava.

We have selected these as the two most striking results of what we have already

pointed out as the most striking feature in the book,—the author's cosmopolitan experience. As another instance, we may notice what may fairly be called a seasonable remark on the superiority of Transatlantic "roughing." In England generally, by "roughing his heels only, we place the horse in a false position."

Again, our "ridiculous cavalry seat" is contrasted very unfavourably with the same perpendicular seat in its wild state. Its "cut and thrust" advantages are neutralised by the "hard cloak, holster, and carbine affixed in front of the rider's thighs, and by his travelling pace, the trot and jolting movement unknown in the plains of South America." The centaur has too much "native" nous for this unlucky compromise. His pistols constitute his travelling wardrobe, and are carried behind the thigh. His pace is almost uniformly the gallop.

This cosmopolitanism saves the book from that mediocrity which in works poetical is hateful to "gods and columns," and in works equestrian to men and boys. For a graduate in the equestrian art it is too elementary, and for a tyro not sufficiently circumstantial. However, there are here and there fair pickings for a discriminating tyro. He will find very clearly put the sound constitutional maxim that a wise government interferes as little with a horse as with a man, which should be treated as a responsible self-dependent agent—in fact, as the tyro himself, if he have the good luck to be an Etonian, would be treated by Sir John Coleridge. At timber, if he has an Etonian's reverence for the memory of Assheton Smith, he will ride slowly, but at water quickly. He must never flog a shying horse, and he must ride with loose reins down a hill. The two last bits of advice we should recommend him to take *cum grana*. If a horse shies from downright fear, it is of course mere folly to add to that fear the terrors of whip and spur. But when from mere animal spirits a horse "sonitu silvarum et foliis tremit," then a smart cut is the simplest cure for his frivolity. Again, it may be right enough to give a horse his head as you gallop down a hill if you thoroughly know him, but Sir Francis Head appears to have forgotten that very many of the riding and reading public must be content with a hack and grateful for a mount, and may therefore find themselves on horses as little accustomed to self-support as a young lady waltzer in a garrison town. Above all, the tyro must be gentle and considerate. This doctrine, comparatively novel in spite of Solomon, and the keystone of Mr. Rarey's philosophy, is enforced by Sir F. Head with so much judgment and knowledge of details, that many a very veteran sportsman will find with surprise that he has still a good deal to learn. Perhaps its most striking application is the proposal to introduce chloroform into the stables. We heartily wish it success, but fear that humanity will have to fight a hard battle with self-interest before so dangerous an agent is trusted to the semi-scientific hands of the farrier.

Notwithstanding the eminently practical tone of the book, it is so quaintly interspersed with attempts at fine writing as to make one regret that the author did not entrust its revision to some practical whipper-in, with more than Mr. Weller's contempt for sentiment. In a chapter on "The Stable," five pages are devoted to a poetical argument from analogy to prove that the horse is as fond as any true Briton of his "home," while two are given to the less ennobling themes of cleanliness and ventilation. Another chapter—which is headed "How to eat and drink for hunting,"

* *The Horse and His Rider.* By Sir Francis B. Head, ohn Murray, Albemarle Street.)

and which ends by prescribing "for young men with greedy stomachs the muzzle"—opens with an exquisitely-ludicrous classification of pleasures into "sensual, literary, and religious"—a classification which has, it appears, its typical counterpart in horses. Sensual pleasures will carry a man "brilliantly for a time;" literary "through three-quarters of a good run" (what will the ghost of Cato, who began Greek at eighty, say to this?); while religious "will end a happy day, by bringing him gloriously to his long home." The only motive we can supply for this worst of all clap-trap—religious clap-trap—is the hope that the "Record" may be ensnared into a favourable review and the book translated into the so-called religious world. Yet this is short-sighted policy, for, in that case the author would be prayed for as an Atheist, or, still worse, a Tractarian, by the Antidote. The classification is apparently meant to be exhaustive; if so, we should like to know under which head riding comes. The author will scarcely call it sensual; we cannot call it literary; and, though Nimrod is nowhere censured in the Bible, yet the condemnation of Esau will justify the Antidote in excluding it from the class religious. Again, if this classification of pleasures be really exhaustive, may it be said that all three kinds combine and culminate in a post-prandial perusal of the "Record"?

However, there is more than enough sound sense to float all this rubbish; and those whom it does not amuse, it may possibly edify.

PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF TWO YEARS' IMPRISONMENT IN BURMAH.*

In this extraordinary narrative, Mr. Gouger has related events which occurred nearly thirty years ago. That so long a period should have elapsed between the marvellous incidents recorded and the published account of them is, to our thinking, almost as strange as the incidents themselves. Mr. Gouger speaks with modesty in the preface of his book of literary ability. Such a plea is superfluous. He has written a book which will fascinate every reader into whose hands it falls—a book which, while it possesses all the value of a truthful story, has the charms of a romance, and would have added to the reputation of De Foe. Nothing can be more vivid or more terribly real than this narrative; at the same time, nothing could be more unpretentious. The author tells his tale quietly, but he tells it effectively; and on concluding it we are ready to agree with him when he says that among the numerous instances of protracted imprisonment on record, he is "not aware that any one presents such a combination of bodily privation and misery, of perils encountered from a variety of sources, and of unceasing and intense anxiety of mind," as that which he has described.

Without further prologue, we shall introduce our readers to this strange narrative by an outline of its more prominent features.

At an early period of life Mr. Gouger was engaged in mercantile pursuits, and when first he left his residence in Bengal for Burmah it was in search of health, as well as with a view to commerce. He stayed for a month at Rangoon, and then, having fitted up boats and engaged crews, sailed up the river to the capital. During the voyage, which occupied six weeks, Mr. Gouger acquired a knowledge of the language, and by the time he reached Amerapoora, could express himself on com-

mon topics "with some degree of fluency and correctness." The commencement of his adventurous undertaking seemed to promise success in the future. The royal city was reached in safety; no troublesome official appeared to obstruct the course of business, the boats' crews were discharged well pleased with their treatment, and he found himself comfortably established in his new quarters, "with less vexatious annoyance than would have been encountered in any town in Europe."

Knowing that he was entirely dependent on the favour of the King, who, if the whim seized him, might any day put him to the torture, or even kill him with his royal hand, Mr. Gouger made haste to propitiate the monarch by noble presents, and his Queen with fine muslins and prints. He informed them that he had come to trade in these goods, and was thereupon commanded to repeat his visit on the morrow, when the ladies of the palace would like to buy. The description of the sale is very amusing, and gives a lively notion of court life in Burmah. Mr. Gouger laments the absence of female beauty:—

"There were not more than six or eight really pretty girls in the whole company. Many of them were older than the King himself, and could have had no pretensions at any time to personal charms. The use of the abominable betel-nut had stained the whiteness of their teeth, and the liberal application of sandal-wood ground into powder and dusted over their faces and necks, though it might divert the attention from the incipient wrinkles of those who had passed their prime, certainly did not add to the attractions of the younger and prettier, who needed no such foil. I felt a deep contempt for the taste of the young Monarch, and thought, with such a field to choose from, what a much more satisfactory selection I would have made myself."

Our traveller found afterwards that these ladies were retained at the court without any reference to their charms, as hostages for the loyalty of their parents. Mr. Gouger's description of public and private life at Ava, of the manner in which he manages to indulge his taste for mutton, although sheep are forbidden to be killed; of his mercantile prospects, and the possibility of realising an enormous fortune, if one impediment could be removed; his account of the ungovernable passions of the King; of his temporary farewell; his visit to Calcutta, and subsequent return to Ava, must only be mentioned in passing. The impediment to which we have alluded arose from the fact that none of the precious metals were allowed to be taken out of the country, but the permission to export rice, which Mr. Gouger hoped to gain, would remove this difficulty.

Mr. Gouger left Calcutta ignorant that a war was imminent between our country and Burmah, and he speaks with indignation of the conduct of Lord Amherst's government in affording no timely warning to the unwary merchant or traveller. Not more than two or three months had elapsed from the commencement of his second residence at Ava before the distant thunder proclaimed the coming storm.

At length Mr. Gouger, who had managed to secure the escape of his co-mate, Mr. Richardson, begins to think it is high time he should escape himself. An opportunity is afforded, but lost by a series of trivial mishaps.

One day a note arrived from the Prince of Tharawadi, the younger brother of the King, which the author translates as follows:—

"The Prince of Tharawadi presents his compliments to Mr. Gouger, and, having formed a partiality for him, would be sorry to see his throat cut, and recommends him to come quickly to his Palace, where the Prince would like to see the man who

dares to touch him.—P.S. Mr. Gouger had better bring his wine and beer, gold and silver, for safety."

Mr. Gouger's first impression was that this offer was a kind one, and should be immediately accepted, but his faithful servant having told him that he would soon find a grave in the Prince's garden, as many persons had done before, he politely declined the invitation. It was not long, however, before the dreaded evil came upon the merchant. On the charge of having made maps of the country, and of having forwarded them to the enemy, of writing to Bengal on affairs of state, &c., he is committed to prison for further examination, from whence he was speedily removed to the Let-ma-yoon-tung—the death-prison. Here he is delivered over to the care of the executioners—malefactors who had been saved from death on agreeing to undertake for life the frightful office, escape from which without detection was impossible, as a ring was indelibly tattooed on each cheek.

After giving a graphic picture of the prison-house, he tells us that it is merely superficial; its secret horrors have yet to be discovered. Among Mr. Gouger's companions in misery were Drs. Judson and Price, the American missionaries, Mr. Laird, a Scotchman, and Mr. Rodgers, whose strange story forms an exciting passage in the volume.

The chance of procuring food in this dungeon was from the charity of friends. In the course of the year during which our author tenanted it, many prisoners died by the slow pangs of starvation, from which he was preserved by the constant and unpaid labours of a noble-hearted Mohammedan servant, who supported him by his own exertions. Mr. Gouger describes in impressive language the horrors of his position; there was one hour in every day when it became truly appalling:—

"Within the walls, nothing worthy of notice occurred until the hour of three in the afternoon. As this hour approached, we noticed that the talking and jesting of the community gradually died away. All seemed to be under the influence of some powerful restraint, until that fatal hour was announced by the deep tones of a powerful gong suspended in the Palace-yard, and a death-like silence prevailed. If a word was spoken, it was in a whisper. It seemed as though even breathing were suspended under the control of a panic terror; too deep for expression, which pervaded every bosom. We did not long remain in ignorance of the cause. If any of the prisoners were to suffer death that day, the hour of three was that at which they were taken out for execution. The very manner of it was the acme of cold-blooded cruelty. The hour was scarcely told by the gong, when the wicket opened, and the hideous figure of a spotted man appeared, who, without uttering a word, walked straight to his victim, now for the first time probably made acquainted with his doom. As many of these unfortunate people knew no more than ourselves the fate that awaited them, this mystery was terrible and agonising; each one fearing, up to the last moment, that the stride of the Spot might be directed his way. When the culprit disappeared with his conductor, and the prison-door closed behind them those who remained began again to breathe more freely; for another day, at least, their lives were safe.

"I have described this process just as I saw it practised. On this first day, two men were thus led away in total silence; not a useless question was asked by the one party, nor explanation given by the other; all was too well understood. After this inhuman custom was made known to us, we could not but participate with the rest in their diurnal misgivings, and shudder at the sound of the gong and the apparition of the *pahquet*."

The characters of Dr. Judson and his brave-hearted wife are already familiar to the public. The anecdotes related of them in this volume will enhance the respect in which they are

* *Personal Narrative of Two Years' Imprisonment in Burmah.* By Henry Gouger. (London: John Murray.)

justly held. At the same time, Mr. Gouger exposes a few of the misstatements made by unscrupulous partisans—statements which no one would have more heartily repudiated than Dr. Judson himself. Dr. Price, though “sincerely religious,” was a man of a very inferior stamp.

It is impossible, with any regard to space, to give a clear idea of the depth of misery endured by the white men in this death-prison. If they are removed from the inner prison to the outer cells, they have the advantage of a purer atmosphere, and of the light of heaven, but the horrible discomfort at the same time of witnessing the tortures and brutal execution of the condemned. The kindest word they ever gain from their jailers, is the promise that when their own turn comes they shall be put to death skilfully and without suffering. The wretches thrust into the death-prison were very often ignorant of the cause of their imprisonment, or were convicted for imaginary crimes. One man was said to have made an image of the King, and to have walked over it—he was despatched at midnight by having his spine broken; another was accused of saying he could fly, so, to make sure of him—

“The man was first put in three pairs of irons,—the jaws of the central Alligator then snapped upon his ankles, holding them tight,—his wrists were bound together with a long rope tied to one of the rafters of the roof of the building,—his long hair was twisted into braids, and each braid fastened separately to the floor,—another rope was tied round his waist and confined it to the floor also.

“As he lay thus prostrate, Moung-lah stood over him in contemplation, apparently deliberating in his own mind what further means he could adopt to clip the wings of this subtle captive. At last he bethought himself of the holes pierced in the man’s ears, which usually are large enough to save the trouble of carrying a cigar-case, and through these holes the ingenious Moung-lah contrived to pass strings, confining his ears also to the floor. One would have thought he had read Gulliver.”

In every position there is some alleviation to human suffering, and Mr. Gouger found amusement in the society of a pretty daughter of the jailer, a girl about sixteen years old, who took a wonderful fancy to him; another amusement of a less refined character consisted in hunting rats, with which his cell abounded. As the Burmese esteem rats as a choice species of game, the prisoner found that they proved an acceptable present to his keepers. But killing rats or chatting with a pretty Burmese girl were but trivial alleviations of the misery endured. How, for a moment, could he forget the agony of his position, when at any moment he might himself suffer the pangs which he had seen endured by others?

We cannot do more than recapitulate horrors. One day a woman covered with the pustules of small-pox is brought into the inner prison; at another time Mr. Gouger is actually chained to a leper, but escapes contagion; at another time he is compelled to pass the night in contact with a corpse; and at another time the place was so filled with prisoners that had the building been of brick the horrors of the Black-hole must have been re-enacted. A removal to another prison takes place, and there they find a large quantity of dry faggots. It had been reported in Ava that they were to be burned. Are these faggots to form the funeral pyre? Very soon the incubus of another fear sits heavily upon them. One night a rumbling noise is heard, and the prisoners are startled from their slumbers. The rest of the story shall be told by Mr. Gouger:—

“In the meantime, when the object of our inquiry

had reached its destination, curiosity was changed into terror, by hearing that a huge lioness, confined in a strong cage, to which wheels had been fixed for facility of transport, was the cause of all this uproar. With some difficulty the clumsy car was drawn into the prison enclosure, and placed close under our room. All night long did we listen to the hungry roarings of the animal with feelings of horror, eagerly searching for some probable motive that had influenced the Government to send such a creature here, but always in vain; returning in dismay to that which appeared to be the most simple interpretation, that we were to be thrown into the den of the savage to be torn in pieces and devoured. The royal beast was so near that her breathings might be distinctly heard, and every roar or hungry growl made us tremble in anticipation of the terrible doom that awaited us.

“After a night of agony, morning brought us no relief beyond its own cheering light, which itself serves to disperse many of the illusive horrors which darkness conjures up to increase the misery even of the most wretched and forlorn. No information could we gain. There stood the lioness, glaring on us with eyes of fury whenever we approached her cage; here stood the astonished jailer, who could throw no light on the mystery; no one else was in the enclosure. We did not dare to name our suspicions, fearing the mere surmise might bring on us more rigorous confinement; and whatever Koh-bai’s thoughts might have been, he never gave them expression, nor hinted at such a motive as we feared.

“The day passed, still no orders came, but our fears gained strength when we saw that the animal was kept without food. The cravings of hunger made it still more ferocious; the whole of the next night was spent in listening to its dreadful howlings, which might have been heard at intervals across the plain. Little was it to be wondered at that the brain of the worthy Father Ignatius lost its balance, far more wonderful is it that any of us preserved our reason. Day after day the starvation continued, and night after night the same fearful howlings were repeated, until in about a week the poor creature began to exhibit signs of diminished strength, and as these appeared, our hopes revived. Could we be mistaken? This unparalleled cruelty continued for about a fortnight, when the noble animal yielded up its breath. The day before she died, Koh-bai squeezed a pariah dog through the bars, but it was too late,—the terrified cur retreated to a corner of the cage and showed his teeth with impunity,—the famished lioness had not strength to rise and seize him.”

Mr. Gouger has no doubt that the prisoners were destined to be devoured by the lioness, but that some change of motive delayed the execution of the sentence. It was probably the purpose of the Government to inflict more signal vengeance on the white men, for at last it “got whispered abroad that on the 31st, when the Generalissimo’s arrangements would be completed, headquarters were to assemble at Oung-ben-lai, where the white prisoners were to be sacrificed, by being buried alive at the head of the army.”

More of this strange tale we cannot stay to tell, nor is it desirable that we should do so. We have probably said enough to send all our readers to the volume, and if this end be accomplished, additional remarks or quotations will be alike unnecessary.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE REV. DR. ALEXANDER CARLYLE.*

[FIRST NOTICE.]

It has been remarked that were any one of us, whatever his social position, or however limited the sphere of his observation, to sit down and candidly and conscientiously write a history of his personal experiences, he would produce a

* Autobiography by the Rev. Dr. Alexander Carlyle, Minister of Inveresk: Containing Memorials of the Men and Events of his Time. (Edinburgh: William Blackwood and Sons. 1860.)

book that for interest and attractiveness would throw into the shade the most ingeniously-constructed novel ever written.

It is this truthful representation of human nature that constitutes, with educated minds, the most attractive feature of the highest class of fiction. But the novelist has many disadvantages to contend with. The most elaborate fiction will appear tame and ineffective when placed side by side with an autobiography written under the conditions we have enumerated. What comes to the one immediately and spontaneously can only be attained by the other by sustained artificial effort. Even supposing the novelist were to draw from his own personal experience, and lay bare his whole heart to his readers, unless he could also supply in the same truthful spirit all the indispensable accessories of contemporaneous incident, manners, and feeling, the whole would form as incongruous and inharmonious a composition as a picture in which the principal figures had been sketched by a master, and the colouring, lights, shadows, and background filled in by the hand of a copyist.

The essential qualities of a good autobiography are two-fold. It must contain internal and external delineation—delineation of the writer’s character and also of the men and events which environed him. The autobiography of Dr. Carlyle now before us combines these two excellencies in an admirable degree.

A shrewd observer of men and manners, living during perhaps the most deeply-interesting period of our history, he was favoured by a happy combination of circumstances such as has seldom fallen to the lot of a single individual. Sufficiently an actor in the eventful scenes of the last century to be accepted as a reliable authority, yet sufficiently secluded from the world to have leisure for a philosophic survey of the events that were passing around him, he has bequeathed to us a picture of the times, which for breadth of colouring and vividness of detail can scarcely be surpassed. His “Recollections” embrace the Porteous riots, the landing of Prince Charles and his residence in Edinburgh, the battle of Prestonpans, the “fatal day” of Culloden, and the strange histories of Lords Lovat and Grange; while such names as David Hume, Smollett, Adam Smith, Garrick, Colonel Gardiner, John Home, Robertson, Wilkes, Blair, Ferguson, Townshend, Wedderburn—all of whom he numbered among his personal friends and acquaintances—figure prominently throughout his pages.

Alexander Carlyle was born in 1722, at Prestonpans. He was of good family, being descended, on his father’s side, from the old Lords Carlyle, and connected, through his mother, with the noble house of Hamilton. His parents were in very narrow circumstances, his father being minister of Prestonpans, with a stipend of only £70 a-year, which was, however, subsequently augmented to £140 through the instrumentality of Lords Grange and Drummore, two judges of the Court of Session, who actually came down from the bench to plead his cause. The care of young Alexander’s early education was confided to his mother, whom he quaintly describes as “a person of superior understanding, of a calm and firm temper, of an elegant and reflecting mind; and, considering she was the eldest of seven daughters and three sons of a country clergyman near Dumfries, and was born in 1700, he had received an education, and improved by it far beyond what could have been expected.” His aunt, who had resided some time in London, taught him to

read English "with just pronunciation and a very tolerable accent, an accomplishment in those days very rare"—to which, by the way, he alludes, throughout his "Recollections," with considerable complacency. The first display of the embryo minister's educational and rhetorical power took place at the age of six in the churchyard of Prestonpans, where he read "very audibly" the whole of the "Song of Solomon" to a congregation of about a score of old women who could find no room in the church. One of these old dames, no doubt taken by the child's seriousness of manner, expressed a hope that she might live to see him his father's successor. "No, no," said the boy, "I'll never be minister of that church, but yonder's my church," pointing to the steeple of Inveresk. Years afterwards, when he was actually appointed to the living, the exclamation was regarded in the light of a prophetic intimation. This example of Scotch "second sight" loses somewhat of the marvellous when we explain that the first part of the story relative to the young minister's *début* occurs early in the "Recollections;" and no allusion is made to the "prophecy" until our author comes to record its fulfilment.

The society of Prestonpans at this period seems to have been of a somewhat curious character. Here are portraits of the two principal inhabitants:—

"The two great men of the parish, however, were Morison of Prestongrange, the patron, and the Honourable James Erskine of Grange, one of the Supreme Judges. The first was elected member of Parliament for East Lothian in the first Parliament of Great Britain, although the celebrated Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun was the other candidate. But Government took part with Morison, and Fletcher had only nine votes. Morison had been very rich, but had suffered himself to be stripped by the famous gambler of those times, Colonel Charteris, when I once saw with him in church, when I was five or six years of age; and being fully impressed with the popular opinion that he was a wizard, who had a fascinating power, I never once took my eyes off him during the whole service, believing that I should be a dead man the moment I did."

"This simple gentleman's estate [Morison's] soon went under sequestration for the payment of his debts. He was so imaginary and credulous as to believe that close by his creek of Morison's Haven was the place where St. John wrote the Apocalypse, because some old vaults had been discovered in digging a mill-race for a mill that went by sea-water. This had probably been put into his head by the annual meeting of the oldest lodge of operative masons in Scotland at that place on St. John's Day.

"My Lord Grange was the leading man in the parish, and had brought my father to Prestonpans from Cambertrees in his native county, Amandale, where he had been settled for four years, and where I was born. Lord Grange was Justice-Clerk in the end of Queen Anne's reign, but had been dismissed from that office in the beginning of the reign of George I., when his brother, the Earl of Mar, lost the Secretary of State's office, which he had held for some years."

"From what I could learn at the time, and afterwards came to know, Lord Grange was in one respect a character not unlike Cromwell and some of his associates—a real enthusiast, but at the same time licentious in his morals.

"He had my father very frequently with him in the evenings, and kept him to very late hours. They were understood to pass much of their time in prayer, and in settling the high points of Calvinism; for their creed was that of Geneva."

"After those meetings for private prayer, however, in which they passed several hours before supper, praying alternately, they did not part without wine; for my mother used to complain of their

late hours, and suspected that the claret had flowed liberally."

During Carlyle's boyhood the celebrated Colonel Gardiner came to reside in the parish. The well-known incident of his miraculous conversion is thus told:—

"He was a noted enthusiast, a very weak, honest, and brave man, who had once been a great rake, and was converted, as he told my father, by his reading a book called Gurnall's 'Christian Armour,' which his mother had put in his trunk many years before. He had never looked at it till one day at Paris, where he was attending the Earl of Stair, who was ambassador to that court from the year 1715 to the Regent's death, when, having an intrigue with a surgeon's wife, and the hour of appointment not being come, he thought he would pass the time in turning over the leaves of the book, to see what the divine could say about armour, which he thought he understood as well as he. He was so much taken with this book, that he allowed his hour of appointment to pass, never saw his mistress more, and from that day left off all his rakish habits."

The colonel's wife is thus flatteringly portrayed:—"A lively, little, deformed woman, very religious, and a great breeder."

At the age of thirteen Carlyle left Prestonpans, and entered the University of Edinburgh in 1735, where he made the acquaintance of Robertson and John Home. During his residence at this seat of learning, he does not appear to have devoted himself altogether to studious pursuits. The admixture of *serin ludo*, which forms such a prominent feature in his pages, affords us many curious illustrations of the manners of the period:—

"I was very fond of dancing, in which I was a great proficient, having been taught at two different periods in the country, though the manners were then so strict that I was not allowed to exercise my talent at penny-weddings, or any balls but those of the dancing-school. Even this would have been denied me, as it was to Robertson and Witherspoon, and other clergymen's sons at that time, had it not been for the persuasion of those aunts of mine who had been bred in England, and for some papers in the 'Spectator' which were pointed out to my father, which seemed to convince him that dancing would make me a more accomplished preacher, if ever I had the honour to mount the pulpit. My mother too, who generally was right, used her sway in this article of education. But I had not the means of using this talent, of which I was not a little vain, till luckily I was introduced to Madame Violante, an Italian stage-dancer, who kept a much-frequented school for young ladies, but admitted of no boys above seven or eight years of age, so that she wished very much for senior lads to dance with her grown-up misses weekly at her practisings. I became a favourite of this dancing-mistress, and attended her very faithfully with two or three of my companions, and had my choice of partners on all occasions, inasmuch that I became a great proficient in this branch at little or no expense. It must be confessed, however, that, having nothing to do at Stewart's class, through the incapacity of the master, and M'Laurin's giving me no trouble, as I had a great promptitude in learning mathematics, I had a good deal of spare time this session, which I spent, as well as all the money I got, at a billiard-table, which unluckily was within fifty yards of the college. I was so sensible of the folly of this, however, that next year I abandoned it altogether."

The expense of a university education in those times does not appear to have been particularly heavy. We commend the following to the attention of college bursars of these degenerate days:—"There were ordinaries for young gentlemen at fourpence-a-head for a very good dinner of broth and beef, and a roast and potatoes every day, with fish three or four times a-week, and all the small beer that was called for before the cloth was removed."

During his *curriculum* at Edinburgh our hero decided upon entering the ministry. At

one time he had turned his attention to medicine, but the witnessing of a dissection disgusted him with the profession. The "subject" was a child which his fellow-students, Leslie and Conway, had bought of a poor tailor for 6s. The man had asked 6s. 6d., but they beat him down the sixpence, naively remarking that the bargain was to him worth 12s., as it saved him all the expense of burial. Previously to this Carlyle appears to have entertained some thoughts of entering the army, having been captivated by the handsome uniform of a cornet in the Greys. Owing to his father's limited means he was unable to gratify his vanity, although Colonel Gardiner offered to recommend him for a commission.

On leaving Edinburgh he obtained, through his mother's interest with the Hamilton family, one of the bursaries or exhibitions for students of divinity at Glasgow College, of the value of £100 Scotch, or about £8 6s. 8d. sterling, "a sum," we scarcely required being told, "very far short of the most moderate expense at which a student could live in 1742." Dinners at Glasgow, however, do not appear to have been any dearer than at Edinburgh, though the naive remark that "even the second tavern at Haddington had knives and forks for the table," does not call up very agreeable visions of the amount of accommodation afforded by the minor hosteleries, more especially when he adds:—"When I attended in 1742-3 they had still but one glass on the table, which went round with the bottle." Our author's description of the general refinement of Glasgow is altogether in keeping with this picture:—

"There never was but one concert during the two winters I was at Glasgow, and that was given by Walter Scott, Esq. of Harden, who was himself an eminent performer on the violin; and his band of assistants consisted of two dancing-school fiddlers and the town-waits."

"There were neither post-chaises nor hackney-coaches in the town, and only three or four sedan-chairs for carrying midwives about in the night, and old ladies to church, or to the dancing assemblies once a fortnight."

The "clubable" element of the Scotch character, in spite of this lack of refinement, appears to have even thus early developed itself. While at Glasgow, Carlyle joined two clubs, "one entirely literary, which was held in the porter's lodge at the college." Here the budding aspirants after literary fame wrote essays and criticisms. The other society was of a more convivial character—the meetings being held at a tavern. Here they drank "a little punch," after their beef-steaks and pancakes, "the expense," our author remarks, with a genuine Scotch eye to the "siller," "never exceeding 1s. 6d., seldom 1s." But not even the combined fascinations of steak, pancake, or "a little punch" could interrupt their worship of Minerva—"the conversation," we are told, "was almost entirely literary."

THE ORIGIN AND SUCCESSION OF LIFE ON THE EARTH.*

FROM the dedication prefixed to this volume, we learn that it contains the substance of the Rede lecture, delivered by Mr. Phillips before the University of Cambridge in the spring of the present year. This account of the contents of the work is, we are inclined to surmise, scarcely an adequate one; for it is somewhat difficult to imagine a lecture, the substance alone of which is sufficient to fill a volume of

* *Life on the Earth: its Origin and Succession.* By John Phillips, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S., late President of the Geological Society of London, Professor of Geology in the University of Oxford. (Macmillan and Co., London and Cambridge.)

more than two hundred pages. That the lecture contained the substance of the book we can well understand, but hardly that the book consists merely of the substance of the lecture. We shall not, we think, be far wrong in regarding the volume as a brief but tolerably-complete exposition of its author's views on several of the most important points connected with, and arising out of, geological and paleontological research. Looked at from this point of view, the appearance of this work cannot fail to excite a large amount of interest and attention. Mr. Phillips is unquestionably a man of mark in the geological world. Independently of his responsible position as Professor of Geology in one of our great universities, he has attained to an eminence in the prosecution of his peculiar studies which fully entitles his opinion on any points connected with this branch of physical science to lay claim to at least the most respectful and attentive consideration. And when we consider, further, the degree to which public attention has been awakened and attracted by recent speculations on the subject of the origin and succession of life on the earth, we cannot doubt that the verdict of one so peculiarly qualified to express an authoritative opinion on such matters has been expected with curiosity, and will be received with respect.

The greater part of Professor Phillips's volume is occupied by a brief summary of the principal facts and conclusions which have been arrived at in the course of geological and paleontological inquiry. On most of these points, the vast majority of scientific men now think alike, and as Professor Phillips is not one of those philosophers who regard the mere eccentricity of an opinion as a sufficient ground for its adoption, we cannot expect to find any startling novelty in his views upon these subjects. We may, however, select for special mention a few points of peculiar and not exclusively technical interest. While dwelling upon the links of connection by which the various forms of organised beings on the earth are bound together into one great whole, the Professor takes occasion to express his conviction that, from the earliest period, not only plants and animals, but also herbivora and carnivora, have existed in substantially the same relative proportions, and have been combined into the same general relations of mutual dependence, as at the present day. We have failed to find in his book any explicit declaration of opinion on the question whether all the existing members of a species have descended originally from a single pair, but he does state very plainly his belief that each species was originally created in one place only; thus opposing himself to the doctrine of various specific centres, and preferring to explain the difficulties connected with the existence of the same species in widely-separated districts by a reference to those natural causes which are so forcibly dwelt upon by Mr. Darwin. On the question of the imperfection of the geological record he entirely disagrees with that gentleman, holding that the evidence which is thereby afforded us of the successive appearance of new forms is entirely satisfactory, and that the period of the first appearance of life on the earth is distinctly marked by those strata in which the earliest fossil remains have hitherto been found. As to the extent of time by which this epoch is separated from our own day, he shares the now almost universally received opinion that, upon whatever data it may be computed, it must represent a period so vast as to be quite beyond the grasp of the human intellect. With regard to

the date of the introduction of man on the earth, he is far from expressing himself so clearly; but his remarks on the recent discovery of flint weapons at Abbeville and elsewhere lead us to suppose that he is inclined to assign this event to a period much more remote than that which is generally supposed to be indicated by the Mosaic record. Nor does the Professor give any more explicit opinion on the question whether a gradual development from lower to higher organisations can be traced in the succession of life on the earth. To the development theory, in its strictest and most definite shape, he is clearly no friend; but we are somewhat at a loss to tell whether he assents to that modified form of it advocated by Professor Owen, that, "as regards animal life and its assigned work on this planet, there has plainly been an ascent and progress in the main." He simply notes the existence of this view as "a prevalent opinion," without expressing either approval or disapproval of it on his own part; though a tendency towards the latter alternative may perhaps be indicated by the persistency with which he dwells upon any evidence of the high organisation of the earlier forms of life. His remarks respecting the changes of climate which the earth has undergone at successive geological periods are very interesting. All geologists are now agreed in admitting the prevalence of much higher temperatures at earlier times in the northern zones of the earth, varied by, at least, one great interval of remarkable cold at a later period. The various causes which have been suggested for this elevation of temperature in former times, are, in Professor Phillips's opinion, severally inadequate to account for the fact; though it is possible that the effect may have been produced by their joint and simultaneous operation. He points out that the ingenious speculation by which Sir C. Lyell endeavours to account for the effect by the supposition of a different distribution of land and water in earlier times, is inconsistent with the observed geological phenomena of the periods to which it refers. There are serious difficulties in the way of the theory which attributes the higher temperature of earlier periods to the fact that the internal heat of the earth was much greater then than it is now. It is not, perhaps, generally known, that the rate of cooling of the earth by radiation into space is so slow at present that the reduction of the actual effect to half its present amount would require, according to the calculation of Poisson, one hundred thousand millions of years. Professor Phillips suggests that the atmosphere by which the earth is surrounded may have been more dense in former times, and so may have offered a greater resistance to the escape and waste of the internal heat of the earth, and thereby tended to reduce the extremes of climatal difference.

The latter part of the volume before us is devoted to a brief *résumé* of the principal theories and opinions which have been advanced from time to time in explanation of the origin and succession of life. At the commencement of this summary we find a reference to the view that fossils are not the petrified remains of organisms that had once lived, but are simply freaks of nature; and Professor Phillips quotes a curious passage to that effect, from a work published in 1677, by Dr. Robert Plot, the first keeper of the Ashmolean Museum in Oxford. We shall, perhaps, be induced to modify our estimate of the absurdity of this opinion, when we reflect that the Noachian deluge was the only means suggested by the advocates for the organic origin of these remains, to account for their presence in the

strata in which they were found. Among the most prominent of these advocates was Woodward, the founder of the geological chair at Cambridge, who embodies his views in the following propositions:—

"That the marine bodies were borne forth of the sea by the universal deluge; and that upon the return of the water back again from off the earth, they were left behind at land. That during the time of the deluge, whilst the water was out upon and covered the terrestrial globe, all the stone and marble of the antediluvian earth; all the metals of it; all mineral concoctions; and, in a word, all fossils whatever that had before obtained any solidity, were totally dissolved, and their constituent corpuscles all disjoined, their cohesion perfectly ceasing. That the said corpuscles of these solid fossils, together with the corpuscles of those that were not before solid, such as sand, earth, and the like; as are all animal bodies and parts of animals, bones, teeth, shells, vegetables, and parts of vegetables, trees, shrubs, herbs; and, to be short, all bodies whatsoever, that were either upon the earth or that constituted the mass of it, if not quite down to the abyss, yet at least to the greatest depths we ever dig; all these were assumed up promiscuously into the water, and bodies in it, and made up one common confused mass. That at length all the mass that was thus borne up in the water, was again precipitated and subsided towards the bottom—according to the laws of gravity—forming the strata, including the organic fossils according to their specific gravity."

We can scarcely wonder that these views did not meet with universal acceptance. When, however, the great truth, that the ground we inhabit is the dried bed of the ancient sea, came to be acknowledged, the origin of organic fossils was no longer questioned; and then began speculations as to the origin of the beings whose remains they were. The opinion that all life was in the first instance derived from the sea, was held by De Maillet, who, in the following singular passage, gives the first indication of an hypothesis which has received a wide development at the hands of subsequent theorists:—"Whether this constitution of things be ascribed to laws of nature or the design of the Creator, he regards with indifference, being satisfied that such a condition of things is real."

"It may have happened, as indeed we know it often does happen, that flying-fishes fell into brambles or pastures, from which it was impossible to return to the sea by the effort which brought them from it, and that in this state they acquired a greater power of flight. Their large fins, no longer bathed by the waters of the sea, divided and opened in drying; the separated fin-rays prolonged themselves, and became covered with barbs, or to speak exactly, the membranes which had previously held them together were metamorphosed. The barb formed of these separated pellicles, lengthened itself; the skin gradually covered itself with a down of the same colour, and this down increased. The subventral fins, which, as well as the large fins, assisted their promenade in the sea, became feet, and served them for walking on the earth. Some other small changes took place in their shape. The head and neck of some were lengthened, of others shortened; and so of the other parts of the body. But still the conformity of the original figure remains on the whole; and it is and always will be easy to recognise."

After alluding to the theories of Lamarck and the author of the "Vestiges of Creation," Professor Phillips comes to that of Mr. Darwin, which he contents himself with stating briefly in the words of its author; but, though his comments on this hypothesis are very scanty, it is quite clear that it finds no favour in his eyes. In the earlier portion of his book the Professor always lays special stress upon the facts which tend to show that the possible variability of species is confined within very narrow limits; and he now dwells forcibly upon the difficulties which lie in the way even of the

theoretic deduction of a higher from a lower form. He declares himself as an advocate of the opinion that a distinct act of creation is necessary for the production of a new species. But he does not appear to attach any definite signification to this form of expression, being content to "let the word creation stand for a confession of our ignorance of the way in which the governing mind has in this case acted upon matter." From this acknowledgment we are inclined to imagine that Professor Phillips would assign the origin of species not to the direct interference of the first cause, but rather, with Professor Owen, to the continuous action of an unknown second cause.

In conclusion, we cannot praise too highly the calm and scientific spirit by which Professor Phillips's little work is pervaded throughout. It is, we conceive, this spirit, carried possibly to a slight excess, which leads him to shrink, perhaps too sensitively, from the expression of a decided opinion on any disputed point. But nowhere is it more distinctly or more admirably manifested than in the manner in which he discusses opinions which do not meet with his approbation. With Mr. Darwin, for instance, he disagrees heartily and completely, but he does not reply to him either by a fool-born jest, or by a howl of indignant and ignorant vituperation.

We venture to entreat the attention of that numerous class of disputants who employ, by preference, the latter mode of argument, to the following remarks, which, though they perhaps imply a somewhat excessive assumption of superiority, are nevertheless conceived in a spirit of comprehensive toleration which is, unfortunately, far from common:—

"These various speculations on the subject of fossil plants and animals, and the origin and progress of life, may perhaps, to the student of exact science, appear little more than the chase of a phantom, a wandering after unattainable truth. There is, however, something seductive in the problem of the origin of life, and one who has entered on this charmed path will seldom leave it without reluctance. Vain and ill-judged as are some of these attempts, they ought perhaps not to be visited with the heavy condemnation which sometimes has been heaped upon them. Men may have mistaken views about the diluvial catastrophe; false conceptions regarding electricity as the agent of imparting life; wrong notions about the nature of atoms, and yet not reason, at least intentionally, as 'atheists,' denying the incessant watchfulness of God over the arrangements which He has appointed. It is hard to believe this of any serious thinker, even of Lucretius, however strongly he may contend for the regular operation of natural laws, in opposition to the capricious meddling of those monstrous personifications of human passions which were accepted for deity by the 'too superstitious' men of Athens and Rome. Erroneous opinions have but their day, and are, perhaps, less mischievous than the indolence which acquiesces in dull and incurious conformity with whatever may reign for the moment. Truth, or what appears such to human reason, operating on real facts and just inferences, this is the end of scientific research; while we seek it, let us not be too much troubled if some run in courses wide of our own, and ask questions we think not likely to be answered. If we do not ourselves believe the origin of created life to be discoverable by a creature limited to the observation of sensible phenomena, why should we restrain the enterprise of those who, vainly striving after something that is unattainable or fabulous, may yet win much that is accessible, valuable, and real?"

CONTES DE CANTORBÉRY.*

The position held by Chaucer in English poetry is one to which the literary history of

* *Contes de Cantorbéry Traduits en vers Français. Par le Chevalier de Chatelain. Tome 3. (London: Basil Montagu Pickering. 1861.)*

no other nation offers a parallel. By Warton he has been likened to "a genial day in an English spring," and the comparison is both apt and elegant. Who has not often seen this day in question, coming "babbling o' green fields," and rich in flattering hopes of vernal bloom and sunshine, only to be followed by a recurrence of winter in all its tempestuous severity! So the hopes to which the undeniable genius of Chaucer gives birth are equally falsified, as regards the language and the poetry of this country, for both at his death relapse into a state of lethargy. His successors, known only to the antiquary or philologist, are more difficult to understand than was their great predecessor; and well nigh two centuries are passed, and the immortal reign of Elizabeth reached, before we meet with one worthy to tread in the footsteps of the father of English poetry.

Chaucer himself is very little known among the bulk of English readers. We doubt not that if one hundred educated Englishmen, taken at a venture, were asked to repeat the muster-roll of great English poets, Chaucer would be mentioned by all; and yet if inquiry were made into the number of those who had read his works, the per centage would be ridiculously small.

Some allowance may be made for this deplorable ignorance, on the score of the wretchedly corrupt text of Chaucer, to which alone, until very recently, the reading public has had access. Until a few years ago, when that eminent scholar, Mr. Wright, published his new and carefully collated text of Chaucer for the Percy Society, the real language of that poet was inaccessible to English readers. This edition we have been glad to see re-printed by Messrs. Griffin, in their "Universal Library," and a correct text of Chaucer is now within the reach of all. Taking, then, into account this long-continued ignorance on the part of Englishmen with regard to the works of Chaucer, and taking likewise into account the almost proverbial ignorance of French writers on all subjects connected with English literature, we were considerably surprised when the first volume of a translation of the "Canterbury Tales" into French verse was put into our hands. We have seen, however, successively appear a second and now a third and concluding volume, and we warmly welcome the completion of a translation which is at once a bold undertaking, a work of real merit, and a labour of love.

It is true that the difficulties presented to a French scholar by the antiquity of the language, though sufficiently formidable, are yet not quite so great as they appear on the first glance. Chaucer was a courtly poet, and his poems consequently teem with courtly Anglo-Norman words, which have long since become obsolete, but which can offer little difficulty to those who are as well versed in the ancient literature of France, as is obviously the Chevalier de Chatelain.

The works which are translated in the volume at present under our notice, and which the Chevalier boldly claims for Chaucer, are by no means indisputably his. The first piece, for instance, the "Plowman's Tale," there is not the slightest reason for assigning to him, and we unhesitatingly brand it as spurious. It is found in no manuscript of Chaucer; its first appearance was in the folio of 1542, and the only claim for authenticity put forward on its behalf is by Thos. Speght, the editor of the two folios of 1598 and 1602, who says that he has seen it in a manuscript of the age of Chaucer in the library of John Stowe. The Chevalier de Chatelain boldly asserts it to be

genuine; and gives very plausibly as the reason for its omission from the earlier editions, that the satire upon the Church of Rome was too open to permit of its publication. That the "Plowman's Tale" is coeval with Chaucer, we readily admit; but the internal evidence is strongly against the supposition that it is by him. It is, however, one of the most mordant and telling of the satires against the vices and cruelties of the monks with which the literature of all countries teemed at the close of the fourteenth and commencement of the fifteenth centuries, preparing the minds of men to receive the convulsion of reform which should so shortly sweep across the face of society. As such, we are glad to see it preserved in the volume of political songs recently published by Mr. Wright, under the superintendence of the Master of the Rolls. We give the first stanza of the prologue to this poem, which contains a pleasing rural picture; and with it we give the felicitous French version of the Chevalier de Chatelain:—

"The plowman plucked vp his plow
Whan midsomere mōne was comen in;
And said his beasts should eat mowe,
And lig in the grasse vp to the chow.
They ben feeble both oxe and cowe,
Of hem nis left but bone and skin;
He shoke off share, and couler off drove,
And honged his harness on a pin."

"Le labourer remis sa charrue
Quand le milieu de l'été fut venu,
Car, se dit-il, je n'ai pas la berluie,
Mes animaux ont besoin, c'est connu,
D'un long repos, car le bœuf et la vache
Sont épuisés, et bien maigre est leur cou.
Il fit tomber le soc et son attache,
Puis accrocha le vieux harnais au clou."

The second portion of the volume contains the stay of the pilgrims in Canterbury, with the narration of a sufficiently ludicrous adventure which befell the Pardoner while there. Also, "The Merchant's Second Tale, or the History of Beryn," supposed to be narrated during their homeward progress. This portion, given in the edition by Urry, from a manuscript now not to be traced, we believe to be absolutely by Chaucer, and are glad to see it is preserved in the edition of the "Canterbury Tales" published by the Percy Society, although omitted in the subsequent popular reprint. Warton denies that these poems are by Chaucer; and no one would attach more weight to the opinion of this judicious critic and elegant scholar than ourselves; but we yet believe that the "pure well of English undefiled" may be traced throughout. The third and last portion of the volume contains the "A B C" of Chaucer, with a separate preface, showing that this poem, hitherto supposed to be original, is a translation from an ancient and hitherto unknown French poem, entitled "The A B C de Guillaume Guilleville." This is by no means the least interesting portion of the work.

Having glanced at the contents of the book, it remains to say a few words of the manner in which the Chevalier de Chatelain has accomplished his task of translation.

The poetry of Chaucer, like all other poetry of great merit, is too subtle not to escape when subject to the alchemy of translation. All, however, that patience, combined with reverential and appreciative admiration, could do, has been done. More even than this, the Chevalier has evidently a familiarity with the early literature of his own country, and in that "Esprit Gaulois" there is a life, a reality, a deep fund of humour, and a naïveté of expression, kindred with and almost worthy of Chaucer himself. Thus, by the use of archaic words and phrases, the Chevalier has invested his translation with an air of antiquity, which, while it adds a considerable charm to the perusal of the book, cannot fail to convey a

more accurate conception of the spirit of these immortal tales.

On the whole, then, we welcome this translation as being as faithful to its great original as the extreme difficulties of the case would allow, and far better than any for which we dared have hoped.

The third volume is prefaced by a truculent dedication to Pope Pío Nono; and in the vehemence of the invective we trace a disciple of the same school which produced the tale of the "Plowman" herein translated.

NEW NOVELS.

Ballyblunder. An Irish Story. (John W. Parker and Son.) A bright, joyous June morning, songs in the woods, music in the streams, blue sky overhead, and on the green banks wild flowers waving merrily in the wind, pleasant sights and sounds everywhere; and, brighter, pleasanter, more beautiful even than these, happy human faces, laughing voices, and loving eyes, shining, ringing, beaming, bringing back visions of youth and love, of hope and rapture. Gaze on the scene, and listen while you gaze; but speedily the glory becomes shrouded, the prospect chills you, the voices sound sadly plaintive, the eyes have lost their mirthful playfulness, and heavily droop the eyelids with the weight of tears. The early beauty of the year, scarcely ripened into summer—the enthusiasm and fragrance of young life, never yet hushed by sorrow—are both passing rapidly away, are gone even now, and you almost wish you had not seen the vision, when it is so swiftly dispelled by the reality. Something similar to this is the impression produced on the mind by the perusal of "Ballyblunder." It is emphatically an Irish story—Irish not only in the incidents it relates, but in the impression it conveys. The green isle is one of the most mirthful, and yet withal one of the most melancholy, spots on God's earth; and this alternation of light and shade will be found in "Ballyblunder." The curse of priestcraft in Ireland is the fruitful cause of more than half the miseries of the country. Liberal-minded Englishmen who have not themselves witnessed the manner in which the peasantry are hoodwinked, and in which moral and physical improvements are denounced by the Ultramontane Roman Catholic clergy as Saxon innovations, are apt to slight the statements made by Protestants in Ireland as proceeding from bigotry and fanaticism. They cannot believe that a Roman Catholic jury will acquit a culprit, in the face of the clearest evidence, when under priestly influence; they cannot believe that tumults terminating in bloodshed have had their origin in an altar denunciation; that "exclusive dealing" is a frequent custom in lone parts of the country for the purpose of starving out suspected Protestants; that letters are often opened and read by the priests before they are sent from the local post-offices; and that an organised system of intimidation is constantly sanctioned by them for the purpose of getting rid of landowners who will not bow to their authority. The author of "Ballyblunder" is evidently acquainted with the real state of Ireland; and Mr. Kindly, who is the head of the Ballyblunder family, is but the type of thousands of noble-hearted proprietors who have striven in every way to improve their tenantry, and have found themselves opposed at each turn, until, for dear life, they have been compelled to renounce the effort, and to leave their people to the tender mercies of the priests. We are not going to retail a story which merits general perusal. The charm

would be partially broken were we to relate the plot, albeit one of the simplest. Instead of doing this, we shall introduce our readers to the volume by two or three extracts from its pages. First of all, be it known that Mr. and Mrs. Kindly are blessed with two daughters, exceeding fair to look on, alike and yet unlike, as twins mostly are; that Archie, their brother, is a healthy, happy giant of a "boy," fond of danger, fond of fun, the beau ideal of a stalwart young Irishman. He has two friends in his regiment, Fin and Fan Fortescue, twins also, and vastly handsome and agreeable. One morning Archie is romping with his sisters, or with one of them; for the rest we refer to our quotation:—

"Be quiet, Archie! Help, mamma! Help, please; he's killing me! Baby, pull his hair; pinch him! Oh! he's tickling me to death! Will nobody help? There! take that, you great rough ogre!"

"I say, you hit a fellow of your own size, will you," cried Archie, rubbing his cheek and making a ludicrous face at his sister, who had managed to escape from his clutch.

"Kate, breathless and beautiful, stood panting on the opposite side of the sofa; her face in a glow, her hair about her shoulders, and her eyes sparkling with fun. She dearly loved a romp with her big brother.

"At that precise moment the door opened in a slow, hesitating manner, and two strangers appeared at the entrance.

"The brothers Fortescue! by all that's wonderful—hem! I won't finish the quotation," cried Archie, starting to his feet, and introducing his friends to his family.

"Kate, when it came to her turn, bowed, blushed, and vanished through the open window."

"Findor Fortescue, who had first caught sight of Kate's tatters," as Archie laughingly called it, was continually endeavouring, between each monthful, to see her again. Instead of her, however, he encountered the placid gray eyes of Baby, and fancied it was Kate come back playing propriety.

"How demure she looks, and how quickly she has put all that immense quantity of hair right again," he thought.

"He had been so flurried and confused when he opened the door, by the scene which burst upon his view, that he had gone through his introduction to the different members of the family in a very incoherent state of mind, and had noted neither Baby's existence nor Kate's flight.

"Fanshawe, on the contrary, being behind his brother, did not perceive Kate until her hair had been hastily twisted up out of sight. His attention, therefore, was not so entirely engrossed by her, as to make him unconscious of the presence of her sister.

"At length the appetites of the brothers were appeased, and whilst they retired to their rooms to look after their portmanteaux, which had been forwarded by car at 'screech o' day,' Archie left them to collect fishing-rods and tackle, and to 'converse' Kit Kelly, the keeper, as to the day's proceedings.

"By the powers, Fan, Archie's sister is a rare darlint intirely, so she is. Such eyes! such hair! I'll be bound she has plenty of fun in her too."

"Which do you mean, Fin?"

"Which? Why, there is only one; that is, besides the mother. I don't mean her, of course."

"But there are two girls, Fin."

"Two girls! nonsense! You're dreaming."

"Why, you don't mean to say that you did not see...? Ah! bad luck to you, Fin, it's joking you are."

"Upon my word, I am not. I never saw but one girl. She was standing behind the sofa when I opened the door; laughing and blushing, with her hair all about her shoulders. How she contrived to make herself 'decent' so quickly, and to look so demure, I can't tell; but it was the same girl, I'll swear."

"Ha ha!" laughed his brother, "that bates Banagher. Why, Fin, I saw the young lady with

laughing eyes and flushed cheeks, vanish through the window."

"Well, she must have come back down the chimney then; for there she sat on the sofa, looking as if butter wouldn't melt in her mouth, I'll take my appledavy."

"Fanshawe laughed loudly, 'Well done, Fin! Stick to that, Major Glue! Here comes Archie: now then; Archie, how many sisters have you?'"

"Half-a-dozen, to be sure; more or less. Why?"

"Because Fin declares that you have but one, and won't believe that we have seen two."

"Archie's eyes twinkled with fun. 'Come and see,' he said.

"They followed him down stairs.

"I'll hold you the price of a new hat he has only one, Fan," said his brother. 'I'll eat my old one if he has more;—if we have seen more than one, I mean.'

"Done! No, I won't either; it wouldn't be fair. I have seen two."

"Oh, botheration to 'fair,' I'll give you the pull of that. Will you bet?"

"Easy now, boys," said Archie. 'Wait here till I see are we welcome.'

"The brothers stooped; and Archie went forward through the conservatory, which communicated by a glass door with the drawing-room.

"He looked in: Kate was there alone. He beckoned to his friends, and they entered the room.

"Kate's colour rose for a moment at the recollection of the strange wild figure she must have appeared in the breakfast-room. But she soon regained her composure; and, determined to counterbalance the former impression she feared she must have made, she became unusually quiet and sedate.

"Fanshawe Fortescue imagined her to be Baby; and by way of utterly confuting his brother's scepticism, he said, 'Is your sister still in the garden, Miss Kindly? I hope she has forgiven our sudden inroad upon your family circle.'

"My sister in the garden, Mr. Fortescue?"

"Kate smiled and blushed; she saw that she and Baby were already confused in identity.

"Yes," continued Fan, 'we literally drove her away by our rude and unannounced appearance, for which I am anxious to apologise: she was obliged to escape through the open window to avoid us.'

"Kate laughed. 'That was I, Mr. Fortescue: it was all Archie's fault.'

"I told you so, Fan," burst in Findor. 'I beg your pardon, Miss Kindly, but my brother has been so positive that there were two of you; I knew there was but one; I said so; I could not be mistaken; impossible! It was ridiculous to suppose there could be two such... such...'

"Illegant females," suggested Archie.

"Fanshawe Fortescue looked quite bewildered. 'Do you mean to say there are not two? Miss Kindly, have you really no sister?'"

"Before Kate had time to reply, Archie put his arm round her waist, and saying, 'Just come with me for a moment. Excuse me, gentlemen, for interrupting your interesting family researches for a few minutes,' he half led and half dragged her out of the room.

"The brothers were in hot discussion. 'I told you so,' and 'I don't believe it now,' et cetera, et cetera, when Archie once more made his appearance; but this time with his arm round Baby's waist.

"Oh, if you please, Miss Kindly," exclaimed Fanshawe, recurring to his last question, 'do tell us if you have a sister.'

"Of course she has. You saw her just now," said Archie.

"Saw her just now! Where?"

"Here; sitting here, and walking out of the room with me."

"Why she was!—That was this lady!" stammered Fanshawe, looking more confused than ever.

"Not a bit of it. She was *that* lady, coming in, according to custom, through the window."

"The brothers turned round—Kate was in the midst of them."

Scene the second is of a very different description. Sheep-slaughtering has been carried

on for a long time among the mountains, and in the effort to put it down a murder has been committed:—

"When they took the body away, Horrigan still remained on the rock; a burning thirst for vengeance seized him; he, whose pale and ghastly face he had just looked upon, had saved his life—he swore to avenge his death.

"How long he had stood transfixed with grief and horror, he could not tell, but as he was about to move away, the sound of heavy breathing, close above him, met his ear; and then the clattering of loose stones—some one was approaching. He was not long kept in doubt; the head of a man suddenly appeared over the edge of the rock under which he stood, and was as quickly withdrawn; not, however, before he was recognised.

"Ben," said Horrigan, "is that you?"

"The head was once more visible.

"Who is that?" was growled forth.

"Jim Horrigan."

"Is anybody with you?" was cautiously asked.

"No; who would be with me?"

"What the—-are you doin' there, then? standing like a crow on a cliff?" said Ben with an oath.

"I'm doin' nothin', Ben, but what have you been doin'?"

"What the—-s that to you, come away! it's time we war off out of this."

"Jim Horrigan was a brave man, but as he sprang up the rock and stood face to face with Ben Brady, he felt that he might shortly be lying on the damp heather, as still and cold as he upon whom he had so lately gazed.

"He knew Ben Brady to be a far stronger man than himself; he also knew that he was well-armed, savage and merciless; and yet, though unarmed himself, except with a stout blackthorn (his never-failing companion), he determined not only to tax Ben with the murder of Fanshawe, but if possible to take him prisoner.

"To attempt this until Ben was thrown off his guard, would be madness; but could he succeed in distracting his attention, one good blow with his trusty shillelah might do the business.

"The two men looked each other in the face; the moon was still shining, and her light fell full upon the spot where they stood.

"The expression of Horrigan's eye was not to be mistaken, he plainly said, 'Thou art the man.'

"Ruffian though Ben was, he had never before done so dark a deed; it was his first murder. He quailed for an instant, but only for an instant, before the steady, searching gaze of his companion.

"What the—-do you look at me in that way for?" he asked savagely.

"It's a bad job, Ben; why did you shoot the poor jintleman?"

"Why did I? because he laid a bould av me! an' by the eternal! I'll serve you the same av you offer to touch me, an' may be av you don't," he muttered.

"I'm not offering to touch you, an' I'm not afraid of you shooting me; two murders in one night! no! no! you couldn't do it."

"Murderer!" said Ben hoarsely, "who dar call it murder? It war in self-defence I shot him; shure he collared me!"

"Oh well, then in course you'll give yourself up, and say it was an accident, and everything will come right," said Horrigan simply and quietly.

"Ben turned visibly paler at the bare idea of giving himself up; he came a step nearer to Horrigan and cocked the pistol which he still held.

"Of course I'll do nothin' of the sort, thin, Jim Horrigan; av I said 'twas an accident who 'ud b'lieve me? can you tell me that, now?"

"Why not? shure if I b'lieve you, why wouldn't others?"

"A mocking smile crossed Horrigan's lip as he spoke. The next instant he was stretched senseless on the ground by a blow from the butt end of Ben's pistol; he fell close to the rock,—a savage kick sent him over it.

"The murderer leant forward and peered into the depths below; it was too dark to see anything, but he heard the sound of a heavy body as it struck against the projecting rocks in its descent; at length

all was still. 'It must have reached the bottom,' he thought, and he well knew that no human being would reach it and live, for the fall was fully two hundred feet.

"Ben Brady stood erect; he was alone, and for the present safe, but he trembled violently, and cold drops of perspiration stood on his brow. 'Two murders in one night!—two murders in one night,' rang in his ear.

"Hurrying from the spot, the wretch pursued his way down the mountain with rapid but faltering steps. The deeds he had done already cast their shadows over his soul; he strove by oaths and curses to banish the terror which oppressed him; to drown the hideous phantoms of blood, and guilt, and death, by frequent and deep draughts of whisky, as he struggled and staggered along over the rugged path down the mountain side. But it would not do—'Two murders in one night!—two murders in one night!' ever rang in his ear."

Our long extracts preclude any further remarks on this admirable tale. We could have wished that it had been less sorrowful, and that it had been possible to close the work with the same pleasing excitement which we felt on the perusal of its opening chapter. But we have no right to quarrel with the author for interesting us so much in his plot as to wish that he had given it a different termination. Probably, if he had done so, the effect of the tale as a story of Irish life would have been destroyed altogether.

SHORT NOTICES.

ILLUSTRATED WORKS.

The Tempest. (London: Bell and Daldy.) The illustrations in the handsome volume before us include five by Gustave Doré, the same number by Birket Foster and by Gustave Janet, two by F. Skill, and one by A. Slader. The illustrated title-page by Birket Foster is bold and original, and the contrast between the storm and the sands with the fairy dance is very effective. The others by the same artist, such as the *Dance of Nymphs and Reapers* (p. 66), and the *Rotten Carcass of a Boat*, are more conventional. Gustave Doré's are, as usual, intensely characteristic, and remind us vividly of that most curious effort of the graver's art, *The Wandering Jew*. The illustration of Caliban (p. 45) is especially original and grotesque. That of Ariel's appearance in Act iii., sc. iii., is almost extravagant, so far as the artist, Gustave Janet, carried his favourite style. A. Slader's sole design is pretty enough, though it has not much claim to originality, and in parts is somewhat indistinct. *Miranda and Ferdinand at Play*, by F. Skill, is excellent in its general effect. As a matter of detail, we may point out that Ferdinand's position is rather too stiff. The expression is admirably rendered.

Agatha; A Fanciful Flight for a Gusty Night. By George Halse. (Harrison.) In that dreamy, comfortable, satisfactory mood of mind which steals over a man when he has followed up a successful day of business with a good dinner, and finds himself located at ease in his arm-chair by a roaring fire, we should not fear to disturb his composure by placing "Agatha" in his hands. It will afford just enough of amusement and excitement to sustain his placidity, and to prevent, for one day at least, the accustomed nap which slides in between the dessert and the coffee. "Agatha" is fanciful enough for a Christmas story; and both in prose and verse Mr. Halse may be accounted successful, though he occasionally writes in a style which, if it be elevated, is certainly not sublime. His power of versification is considerable; his ability to interest his readers in a dreamy story, in which wild improbabilities chime in not unfitness with the realities of common life, is certainly to be envied. In every sense of the word, this is a Christmas book. The whole getting up reminds us that the season for making presents has arrived; and since "Agatha" is cleverly written, and charmingly illustrated by Mr. Hablot K. Browne, what boots it to look further in search of a gift volume?

The Biglow Papers. An Illustrated Edition. (J.

C. Hotten.) We need not now enter into any dissertation upon the rare merit of the "Biglow Papers." There are probably few works of American origin which have been more widely read or more fully appreciated. Their grotesque wisdom has even met favour in the eyes of the man most hard of all to please—Mr. John Bright. The present edition is very neat, and, like all books issuing from Mr. Hotten's, is well got up. The introduction from the pen of Mr. Hotten himself is a very useful addition, and gives a clearer notion of the book and its author than most prefaces. The coloured illustrations, by George Cruikshank, are humorous and apposite.

Diary of an Ex-Detective. Edited by Charles Martel. (Ward and Lock.) These tales might possibly amuse a railway traveller and break the tedium of his journey; for any other purpose, they are worthless enough. The writer evidently regards every man who acts openly on Christian principles, or makes any religious profession, as a hypocrite and a suspicious character. In one of the stories a robbery in a silk warehouse calls forth the powers of the detective. He suspects "the nice young men of the house, the saints of the community," and relates that one of them, "with the most sanctified face you ever saw, and who was constantly lecturing his companions on their want of piety, was found to be addicted to low sensual vice;" and that another, after leaving his class at Exeter Hall one evening, spent the remainder of it with a prostitute. All this is extremely despicable, being intended to convey a false impression. The eyes of an ex-detective should be sharp enough to see the imbecility of giving vent to such feeble innuendoes.

Will Adams, the First Englishman in Japan. A Romantic Biography. By William Dalton. (A. W. Bennett.) This book is a story, but it possesses in large measure the interest of an historical narrative. Will Adams was one of those fine old naval heroes of whom we Englishmen may well be proud, and as the first of our countrymen who ever lived in Japan, and who lived there at an eventful period, we are glad to renew our acquaintance with him under the guise of a well-written fiction. But interesting though the tale be, and though many of the imaginary scenes are graphically described, Mr. Dalton deserves the most praise for the admirable manner in which he portrays the state of Japan more than two hundred years ago, when England was brought for a while into intimate connection with that marvellous land, and when Christianity, which had there become a living tree, and had thrown out many wide-spreading branches, was at first grievously injured by persecution, and at length entirely uprooted. Mr. Dalton has already gained some fame as a successful writer; the romantic biography before us cannot fail to make his name familiar to a still larger number of his countrymen.

The Elements of Banking, With Ten Minutes Advice About Keeping a Banker. By J. W. Gilbart, F.R.S. 4th edition. (London: Longman.) Any praise of a work so well known and so fully appreciated as Mr. Gilbart's "Elements of Banking" is entirely superfluous. The treatise deserves to be in the hands of every man; for the sensible and practical advice as well as information which it contains, cannot fail to be of service in the daily transactions of life. Mr. Gilbart's larger works on banking are justly regarded as of the highest authority on the subject. He has devoted to it the energies of a life, and as the prosperous founder of joint-stock banks, his name has become honourably linked to a system which is daily growing more popular and successful. After twenty-five years' service as the manager of the London and Westminster Bank, Mr. Gilbart has recently retired, carrying with him the good wishes of troops of friends, and of the public also, that he may long enjoy the competency and the fame he has so nobly earned.

From Southampton to Calcutta. By Cadwalladar Cumberbund. (Saunders, Otley, and Co.) This is a lively book composed by a dashing writer, in a style frequently deformed by vulgarity and slang. The author possesses the one signal advantage of knowing what he is writing about; he is perfectly familiar with the overland route, and is as much at home in Calcutta as if he had been born and bred

there. But we require something more from a writer than an acquaintance with his subject; and in the present instance that acquaintance is chiefly displayed in flippant gossip and in futile endeavours to be funny. Yet the book may be of some service to travellers, as it contains a few items of information which we have not met with elsewhere.

THE MAGAZINES.

"Fraser" opens with one of Mr. Boyd's "consolatory" essays, the subject of the paper for December being entitled "Concerning Scrows," or thoughts on the practical service of imperfect means. "Gryll Grange" and "Ida Conway" are advanced another stage; a piquant article on Mr. Ruskin recommends him to keep to his *metier*, the delineation of art and architecture and word-painting of nature, and to abstain from all disquisitions on political economy, if he has any regard for his reputation. The weakness and sufferings of De Quincey, owing to his pernicious habit of taking opium, "Circean cups," as he well called it, are forcibly delineated. A just and appreciative review of Dr. Tyndall's work on the "Glaciers of the Alps" yet points out that the subject requires still further elucidation and inquiry. "In Memoriam" is a touching, truthful, and elegant tribute to the memory of Mr. John William Parker, late active manager of "Fraser," to whose exertions the magazine owes so much, and the kindly relations which ought to subsist between a publisher and author are made the subject of graceful comment. The author of an article on "Modern Competition" arrives, after a rapid sketch of the condition and emulation of various classes of society at different periods of our national history, at this conclusion—that "the general opinion is exaggerated as regards the comparative intensity of competition, so far as relates to employments producing articles which minister to the material wants, comforts, and luxuries of mankind;" and that "competition in professions, including under that name pursuits that in some way employ the mind, and are not occupied in buying and selling as principals, is not greater than of yore." We heartily concur in his opinion that "the greatest competition, or rather distress, exists among those who have hardly embarked in any regular calling, or are insufficiently qualified for its exercise."

"Blackwood." "Old Ebony" gives his readers disquisitions on mail-clad ships of war, and criticises somewhat severely the build and qualities of the Warrior and Resistance. A paper on the "Ryhanliu Turkmen" is the other noticeable article; and a third is devoted to gloomy forebodings of the possibility of another outbreak in India. "Norman Sinclair" is continued.

In the "Dublin University Magazine" we are presented with a tradition called "Shaun Buie," an antiquarian paper, founded on Irish state papers; an article on the adjustment of quarrels between capital and labour, called the "Work-a-Day World of France;" and an unfavourable estimate of Thomas à Becket's character, viewed in his life and relations with Henry II. A topographical paper on a picturesque district of Ireland is of a lighter cast.

"The Gentleman's Magazine" for December maintains its interest for the archaeologist and antiquary: the noticeable articles are those on "The Pfah Wauten, or Ancient Lake Dwellings of Switzerland," "Scandinavian Old Lore and Antiquities," and "Works of the Romano-Gaulish Ceramists." The first paper is of extreme interest, connecting these ancient settlements of log-houses built on piles with similar constructions in Ireland, Savoy, Denmark, Hanover, Brandenburg; in Burma and throughout the Philippine archipelago; and others mentioned by Herodotus built by the Pœonians in Lake Prasias. They appear in most cases, at least in Europe, to have been built for security, and furnish a subject for curious speculation by the suggestion of an Oriental descent in their architects. The article on "Scandinavian Old Lore and Antiquities" affords a succinct account of recent publications in Iceland, and by the Royal Society of Antiquaries of the North. The name of an Englishman is generally found in every subscription list whenever the object is a good one, and we find one English gentleman giving a prize to the Icelanders for an essay, and

another giving £1,000 to found a library in "Ultima Thule." The discovery of a Roman kiln and pottery-ware at Lary, near Toulon, by M. Tudot, has furnished the peg for a description of the articles found. A battle on episcopal names in the twelfth century, notes on coronations, reports of the meetings of various archaeological societies, and the monthly obituary, contribute to the excellence of the present number, which places us *en rapport* with all that antiquaries are doing, not only at home, but also in foreign countries.

The next number of the "Educational Directory" will be published on Saturday next, Dec. 15, and the subsequent numbers on the first Saturday in each month. This alteration is rendered imperative in order to ensure time for an accurate revision of the information which is obtained from week to week at great cost and labour.

BOOKS ANNOUNCED.

Ackerman (Dr. C.), The Christian Element in Plato, 8vo. Hamilton.
Almond (G.), The Tiger Eleyer, a Tale of the Indian Desert, 12mo., 2s. Ward and Lock.
Allison (A.), Philosophy and History of Civilisation, 8vo., 14s. Chapman and Hall.
Art-Journal, 1860, 4to., 31s. 6d. Hall.
Baillanthe (R. M.), Dog Crusoe, a Tale of Western Prairie, 12mo., 5s. Nelson.
Band of Hope Review, 1860, folio, 1s. Partridge.
Beeton's Christmas Annual, 1860, 12mo., 1s. Beeton.
Book and Its Mission, Past and Present, 1860, 8vo., 5s. Kent.
Boone (J. S.), Sermons, Chiefly on Theory of Belief, 8vo., 12s. Longman.
Boy's Own Magazine, vol. VI., post 8vo., 2s. 6d. Beeton.
Boys (T.), God and Man Considered in Relation to Eternity, 12mo., 5s. Longman.
Bright Gems for Young, a Collection of Little Stories, 16mo., 2s. 6d. J. Blackwood.
Brinnow's Spherical Astronomy, Translated by Main, 8vo., 8s. 6d. Bell.
British Workman, 1860, folio, 1s. 6d. Partridge.
Cassell's Handy Book of Investments, 12mo., 1s. Cassell.
Child's Picture-Book of Life of Joseph, 16mo., 2s. 6d. Bell.
Christian Treasury, 1860, royal 8vo., 6s. Greenbridge.
Christian's Penny Magazine, 1860, royal 8vo., 12mo., 1s. 6d. Snow.
Churchman's Penny Magazine, 1860, 12mo., 1s. 6d. Wertheim.
Comprehensive History of England, vol. III., royal 8vo., 20s. Blackie.
Cornhill Magazine, vol. II., 8vo., 7s. 6d. Smith and Elder.
Costello (Hutley), Holidays with the Hobgoblins, 8vo., 6s. 6d. Hotten.
Cunning (Dr.), Sabbath Evening Readings, Hebrews, 12mo., 5s. Hall.
Daubigne (J. M.), History of Reformation in 16th Century, 3 vols., 12mo., 11s. Griffin.
Dead Shot, Sportsman's Complete Guide, 2nd edition, 12mo., 6s. Longman.
Dean's New Dress-Book, Rose Merton, royal 8vo., 2s. Dean.
Dictionary of Contemporary Biography, post 8vo., 8s. 6d. Griffin.
Don Quixote, new edition, post 8vo., 7s. 6d. Griffin.
Emerson (R. W.), On the Conduct of Life, post 8vo., 6s.; 12mo., 1s. Smith and Elder.
Engineer, Architect, and Contractor's Pocket-Book, 12mo., 6s. Lockwood.
Every Boy's Stories, a Choice Collection of Standard Tales, Rhymes, and Allegories, 12mo., 5s. Hogg.
Faraligham (M.), Lays and Lyrics of the Blessed Life, 12mo., 3s. 6d. Lowe.
Fyfe (J. F.), Triumphal Inventions and Discoveries, 12mo., 3s. 6d. Nelson.
Gatty (Mrs.), Parables from Nature, Illustrated, 4to., 10s. 6d. Bell.
Geige (J. H.), Sermons Preached at Wimbledon, 12mo., 4s. Nisbet.
Girl's Delight, How to Make a Doll's House with Paste-board, 4to., 2s. 6d. Dean.
Gospel Message, a Series of Original Sermons, 12mo., 3s. Darling.
Greatest of all the Plantagenets, 8vo., 12s. Bentley.
Greenhow (E. M.), On Diptheria, 8vo., 7s. 6d. J. W. Parker.
Hall (N.), Plain Truths Plainly Put, 18mo., 1s. Nisbet.
Harrison (O. B.), Practice of Sheriff's Court of City of London, 12mo., 7s. 6d.
Hind (H.), Narrative of Canadian Red River Exploring Expedition, 1857-58, 2 vols., 8vo., 42s. Longman.
Home First Book, 16mo., 1s. 6d. Dean.
Hopkins (T.), On Winds and Storms, with Essay on Weather, 8vo., 7s. 6d. Longman.
Jones (J.), The Natural and the Supernatural, post 8vo., 10s. 6d.
Jones (W. W.), Poems, Second Series, 12mo., 1s. Longman.
Josephus's Works, by Whiston, new edition, 8vo., 5s. Milnes.
Kingston (W.), My First Voyage in Southern Seas, 12mo., 5s. Nelson.
Kohl (J.), Travels in Canada and Through the States, New York, 2 vols., post 8vo., 21s.
Landells (W.), True Manhood, Its Nature, Foundation, and Development, 12mo., 3s. 6d. Nisbet.

Legends of Fairy Land, by Holme Lee, 12mo., 3s. 6d. Smith and Elder.
Liancourt (C. A.), Petit Tresor de la Langue Francaise, 12mo., 1s. 6d. Hays.
Macdonald (J. A.), Principia and the Bible, post 8vo., 5s. Judd.
Memorable Events in the History of the Bible, new edition, 12mo., 4s. 6d. Field.
My Life, What Shall I Do With It? by An Old Maid, 2nd edition, 12mo., 6s. Longman.
Naughty Girl Won, 18mo., 1s. Tract Society.
Niblett (Dr. A.), English Class Hand-Book, 12mo., 1s. 6d. Simpkin.
Poems, by M. S., 12mo., 3s. 6d. Hall.
Popular Lecturer, edited by Pitman, vol. v., 12mo., 3s. 6d. Kent.
Progress of Nations in Principle of National Development in Relation to Statesmanship, 8vo., 15s. Longman.
Quarles's Emblems, Illustrated by C. Bennett and W. Rogers, 21s. Nisbet.
Russell (W.), Extraordinary Men and Women, their Early Days and After Life, post 8vo., 5s. Routledge.
Ryle (J. C.), Hymns for Church on Earth, 12mo., 4s. Wertheim.
Sermon on the Mount, Illustrated by Staseby, 16s. Field.
Shakespeare, His Birthplace and Its Neighbourhood, by Wise, post 8vo., 7s. 6d. Smith and Elder.
Sketches of Little Boys and Girls, and Stories about Dogs, 1s. 6d. Dean.
Steele (R.), Lives Made Sublime by Faith and Works, 32mo., 1s. 6d. Simpkin.
Taylor (Jane), Rhymes for Nursery, Illustrated, new edition, 16mo., 1s. 6d. Hall.
Voice from a Monk, by Dunlop, post 8vo., 7s. Walker.
Wake (W.), Genuine Epistles of Apostolic Fathers, post 8vo., 5s. Hall, Cambridge.
Williams's Critical Appendix on the Bishop of St. David's Reply, 8vo., 1s. Bell.
Working Boy's Sunday Improved, 18mo., 1s. 6d. Tract Society.
Wright (A.), New Congregational Tune-Book, Harmonised for Four Voices, 5s. Nelson.
Wyon (F. W.), Edwin and Ethelburga, a Drama, 12mo., 4s. Smith and Elder.

We have received:—

"Routledge's Natural History." Part XXII.
"Bentley's Miscellany" for December.
"Kingston's Magazine for Boys." (Bosworth and Harrison.)
"The Ladies' Companion." (Rogerson and Tuxford.)
"Good Works." Part XII. (Edin.: Strahan.)
"Colburn's New Monthly Magazine." (Chapman and Hall.)
"Pharmaceutical Journal." (Churchill.)
"Journal of the Bath and West of England Society for Encouragement of Agriculture." (J. Ridgway.)
"Chambers's Encyclopedia." Part XXIII.
"Dictionary of Political Economy." Part V. (Longman.)
"Natural History Review." Part XXVIII. (Williams and Norgate.)
"All Round the World." Part II. (Marsh, Fleet Street.)
"National Magazine." December. (W. Kent.)
"Ure's Dictionary of Arts, Manufactures, and Mines." Parts XIII., XIV., and XV. (Longman.)
"Temperance Tales." No. 1. Gilbert Warminster. (Tweedie.)
"Etymological Geography." By Edwin Adams. Chelmsford: Dutton.
"The Gospel and Its Mission." By Dr. Margolionth. 2nd Edition. (Bosworth and Harrison.)
"Pastoral Visitation the Want of the Times." By Rev. T. Stevenson. (Rivingtons.)
"Random Shots by an Artilleryman." By H. S. K. Pechell. (J. F. Hope.)
"Supplementary Chapter on Acadian Geology." (Oliver and Boyd.)
"Dietrichsen and Hannay's Royal Almanack for 1861."
"Davidson's Book of Anthems."
"The Eclectic Review." (Judd and Glass.)
"Homely Hints for the Fireside." Second Edition. (Edmonston and Douglas.)
"The Christian Almanack for 1861." (Religious Tract Society.)
"Revue Germanique." Tome 12ième. (Paris.)
"British Almanack and Companion." (Knight and Co., Fleet Street.)

Mr. Stanford will publish, early in December, a second edition of Hursthouse's "New Zealand," with "An Appendix on the Native War, and our Future Native Policy." The announcement appears opportunely, and will doubtless receive an adequate welcome. The same publisher has also in the press a work upon the Coalfields of England.

MUSIC.

COVENT GARDEN.

The long promised opera, to which we have been looking forward during the present season, has at length been presented at this house; and, if we may judge from the hearty reception with which it was welcomed by a house crowded in every part, is likely to prove as brilliant a success as "Satanella" or "The Rose of Castille," or, indeed, any of those standard English operas with the production of which the names of Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison have for many years been associated. Independently of its musical attractions, "Bianca, the Bravo's Bride" (for such is the alliterative title of the new opera), possesses points of dramatic interest not often to be found in works of this class; and so admirably are the leading parts sustained by Miss Louisa Pyne, Mr. W. Harrison, and Mr. Alberto Lawrence, that the attention of the auditor is more than once diverted from the musical expression to the exciting situation of the various characters and the development of the story.

The libretto has been adapted by Mr. Palgrave Simpson, from Monk Lewis's celebrated tale, "The Bravo of Venice." Odoardo (Mr. W. Harrison), as general of the Milanese forces, having already delivered his native city from foreign foes, in the hope of obtaining the hand of Bianca (Miss Louisa Pyne), the daughter of the Duke of Milan, Matteo Visconti (Mr. Alberto Lawrence) forms the daring resolution of crushing a conspiracy headed by the Count Malespina (Mr. Henry Wharton), against the duke's authority, with the existence of which he had accidentally been made acquainted by being present at the death-bed of the notorious bravo Fortespada, whose character he personates, in order the more effectually to carry out his plans for the well-being of Milan and his own future happiness. In his own character of Odoardo he obtains from the duke the promise of his daughter's hand in marriage, provided he will bring before him, dead or alive, the bravo Fortespada, within a limited period. At the appointed hour, whilst the duke and all his court are assembled in the palace, the signal is heard, and Odoardo makes his appearance, acknowledging his identity with Fortespada; upon this a unanimous outcry is raised for his execution, but the duke sparing his life at the intercession of Bianca, who now openly acknowledges her love for Odoardo, the latter suddenly turns upon the real conspirators, who, struck with astonishment at this unexpected *dénouement*, are led out to prison; and, explaining to the duke the plans which he had been compelled to follow to ensure the safety of the state, receives from the duke himself the hand of Bianca. This is but a mere sketch of the plot, but is perhaps sufficient to make intelligible the few critical remarks which we have to offer upon the opera after a single hearing.

After the overture, which, in accordance with the prevailing fashion, is simply a *pot-pourri* of the principal themes afterwards recurring in the opera, concluding with a noisy crash, in which unsparing use is made of the cymbals, drums, &c., the curtain draws up and discloses a beautiful scene, consisting of groups of penitents kneeling in prayer on the steps of the cathedral. The solemn peal of the organ within is heard; and the voices unite in a prayer for safety. This constitutes a very picturesque and effective scene, though the music is by no means so; indeed, the whole of the first act is weak, considered musically, and presents no distinctive features, though Mr. Wharton was warmly applauded for his delivery of the song "When cruel scorn and cold disdain," and Mr. Harrison was encoired in the Wine Song. But the remaining acts, three in number, are full of beauties; in which must be reckoned the ballad sung by Miss Pyne, "In vain I strove to teach my heart," a sweet composition, with a very elegant accompaniment of oboe and harp obligati, the latter verse being vociferously encoired. A very spirited song in the same act, "Tis not purple and gold that ennoble the man," assigned to Mr. Harrison, was also re-demanded. The grand scena at the commencement of the fourth act, allotted to Miss Pyne, is highly dramatic and

impassioned in character, and towards the close contains some of those graceful and piquant touches in which Balfe is excelled by no living English composer. In consequence of the overture being repeated, and several of the airs being encoired, the performance was not over till past twelve; but it was completely successful throughout, and the composer was called before the curtain no less than three times. He subsequently appeared once more, to lead on Mr. Alfred Mellon, to whose activity and intelligence the opera was more than half indebted for its success. Next week we hope to discuss more in detail the merits of this work.

HER MAJESTY'S.

The performances at this house during the past week have been of the usual character, comprising the "Trovatore," "Martha," "Lucia di Lammermoor," and "Robin Hood;" the latter, however, with the substitution of Mr. Swift for Mr. Sims Reeves—no slight matter at this house, where the principal attraction is made to consist in the brilliancy of a few individual "stars" rather than in the general excellence of the whole body. Of the entire *répertoire* of Italian operas, Flotow's "Martha" has proved on each occasion the most attractive; if we may place any credit in the advertisements, it was performed for the last time during the present season on Monday, when in spite of the adverse weather a tolerably full house was assembled to witness the representation. The spinning quartet in the second act was executed so well and so heartily, that a demand for its repetition was universal, and after some little delay, graciously complied with. The same mark of commendation was bestowed upon Signor Violetti's admirable delivery of the Beer Song at the beginning of the third act; a similar demand was made for *Lionel's* song in the same act, "M'appari tutt' amor," but Signor Giuglini contented himself with simply bowing an acknowledgment of the compliment. At the end of the third and fourth acts, Madlle. Tietjens, Madame Lemaire, Signors Giuglini and Violetti were all summoned before the curtain. The next week will see the close of the Italian performances, Friday night being announced as the benefit night of Madlle. Tietjens.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

The performance given by the directors of the Monday Popular Concerts, on Monday last, was simply a repetition of the first of the series, the programme, as before, consisting of pieces selected from the works of Spohr, Dussek, and Weber. As on that occasion we entered rather minutely into the merits and shortcomings of the entertainment, we need not be under the necessity of doing so now, and shall merely, therefore, record its general success. Next Monday, Dec. 10, the Beethoven programme will be repeated.

Mr. Henry Leslie's choir enter upon their sixth season next Friday; no official announcement has yet been made of the performance of Mr. Leslie's new cantata "Holyrood," but we presume it will take place during the present season. The promised vocal composition of M. Ernest Pauer is looked forward to with considerable interest, this being, if we are not mistaken, his first essay in the vocal department. Dr. Wylde has also issued a general prospectus of the tenth season of the New Philharmonic Society, to commence in March. Beethoven's "Choral Symphony," Spohr's "Power of Sound," and Mendelssohn's "Antigone," are amongst the great orchestral works promised. As the Sacred Harmonic Society seems unwilling to undertake the task of bringing Herr Molique's oratorio "Abraham" before the London public, may we not express our hopes that Dr. Wylde, whose enterprise is only surpassed by his musical attainments, will venture on the responsibility? Success, if we may judge from the reception accorded to it at Norwich, would be certain.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

The twenty-ninth season of this society was inaugurated on Friday last week by the performance of the oratorio of "Solomon," a work not generally considered attractive, but admirably calculated to display the great choral power of the society, on account of the magnificent double choruses to be found in it. Although written as late as the year 1749, when Handel was sixty-three years of age, it

gives no indication of failing powers, either in point of melody or constructive skill; and the rapidity with which it was composed, (for it was commenced on May 5, and finished on June 19,) serves to establish Handel's pre-eminence amongst the masters of musical art. According to Shelleher, the latest and most trustworthy authority on the subject, this oratorio was given twice only in the year 1749; and twice again ten years afterwards, in the very year of Handel's death.

In its original state, "Solomon" comprises sixty-three different pieces, and is divided into three parts; the first describing the piety of the king, the dedication of the temple, and his conjugal happiness. The second, recording his wisdom, and his judgment in the dispute between the two mothers, whilst the third celebrates his riches, splendour, and skill, and concludes with the visit of the Queen of Sheba. Very considerable curtailments have necessarily been made by Mr. Costa, and about half, or perhaps rather more than half, the original number of pieces are performed by the society; but the omissions have always been most judiciously made, and the most striking features of the oratorio (the double choruses, for instance, being all retained,) are preserved.

Notwithstanding Madame Sherrington's feeling and expressive delivery of the true mother's song, "Can I see my infant gored," the honours of the evening must in fairness be awarded to Madame Sainton-Dolby; who, in her rendering of the exquisite song expressive of Solomon's humility, reached the highest point of musical expression:—

"What though I trace each herb and flower
That drinks the morning dew;
Did I not own Jehovah's power,
How vain were all I knew."

The contralto air, "Now a different measure try," was declaimed by the same lady with such spirit as to call forth an unanimous encore, which was extended to the following chorus, "Shake the Dome," in the performance of which the whole orchestra, instrumental and vocal, seemed to put out their utmost powers. The "Nightingale Chorus" at the end of the first part was also repeated, though the applause that followed its first performance was hardly sufficiently general to warrant this infringement of the society's rules. Miss Banks, as the false mother in the second part, and as the Queen of Sheba in the third, deserves praise for her careful and praiseworthy efforts; but the music allotted to her was not of a nature to allow her to do much more than acquit herself with credit. The tenor and bass songs were sung by Mr. Montem Smith and Mr. Lewis Thomas respectively.

With one single exception, the concluding part of "With pious hearts," where a little unsteadiness was evident, the choruses were sung irreproachably. The ease with which this great body of voices mastered the difficult chorus, "Draw the tear from helpless love," evidences clearly the rigid training to which they have been subjected; and the effect of the concluding words, "Full of death and wild despair," delivered *pianissimo* after a powerful *sforzando* passage, was truly grand. Such satisfactory results as these can be obtained but by one course—careful and regular training under the *bâton* of a skilled conductor, such as Mr. Costa. We must not omit to record the pleasing effect produced by the admirable performance of the quaint duett for oboes, which is the principal feature in the *sinfonia* at the beginning of the third part. It was listened to with the most marked attention, and had it occurred earlier in the oratorio, would most assuredly have been encoired.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

Madame Rudersdorf lent the powerful attraction of her voice to the concert given here on Saturday last, the fifth of the series. Besides singing the grand scena "Robert, toi que j'aime" from "Robert le Diable," for which she was most deservedly recalled by the audience, she gave the Song of Hope from the first act of Beethoven's "Fidelio,"

"O tu la cui dolce possanza
Or mi sostien, cara speranza,"

and was encoired in "Il basio," a composition by Signor Arditi. The Orpheus Glee Union gave three of their songs. "Daybreak," by W. Cusins, one by Härtel, and a third, "The Hunt is Up," by Hatton, the latter being encoired. The instrumental

pieces comprised Glinka's brilliant "Jota Aragonesa," the overture to "Robert Bruce" by Rossini, and Mozart's masterly symphony in G minor. Mr. Levy, the cornet player of the Crystal Palace band, displayed his powers by a solo on his instrument, consisting of airs of the "Barbier de Séviglia." The whole of the concert arrangements were under the direction of Herr August Manns, and we take this opportunity of expressing our high opinion of this gentleman's services, not simply as a musical director, but as an artist, thoroughly acquainted with the literature and theory of his art in its remotest and most widely-extended branches.

MUSICAL GOSSIP.

A monument is at last to be erected in Florence, in honour of Cherubini, who was born there in 1760. Victor Emmanuel, king of Italy, heads the subscription; and at Paris a committee for the purpose of aiding the project, has been formed, consisting of the most distinguished musicians, Rossini, Meyerbeer, Auber, Berlioz, and others.

Some fatality seems to attend the long-expected representation of "Le Roi Barkouf," at the Opéra Comique. Just after the last general rehearsal, Madlle. Saint-Urbain (who is to undertake the part originally intended for Madlle. Ugalde), was seized with an indisposition so severe as to necessitate the postponement of the opera; and it is not unlikely that the opera of "Faublas," in three acts, by Messrs. Auber and Scribe, will be produced first.

A one-act opera, "L'Eventail," by Ernest Boulanger, (libretto by MM. Carré and Barbier) has been performed at the Opéra Comique during the present week.

At the Opéra, the new ballet of "Le Papillon" has been performed uninterruptedly since its first representation; the remaining part of the evening being filled up by either the two first acts of "Lucia" or the first act of "Il Conte Ory."

The 433rd representation of "Robert le Diable" took place on Sunday last.

During the present week Halévy's opera "Le Val d'Andorre" will have been given four times at the Théâtre Lyrique; next week it will be played alternately with Mailland's new opera, "Les Pêcheurs de Catane;" Gluck's "Orphée" will be presented on only two more occasions, Madame Pauline Viardot preserving her rôle of *Orpheus*.

The intended performance of "La Traviata" in Berlin has been forbidden by the authorities on the ground that the libretto is unfit for the ears of a Protestant city; seeing that this drama in its original form of "La Dame aux Camélias" has been frequently performed on the stage there, this protest seems rather tardy.

Spohr's fine old violin, a genuine Stradivarius, upon which the German maestro has played for more than half a century, is about to be put up for auction by his executors.

The violinist Ernst is at present residing at Vienna, and in a considerably improved state of health. He has just put the last touches to his opera, which, it is to be hoped, will before long be produced on the stage.

The "Olympia" of Spontini, in vocal score with piano accompaniment, has just been published in Paris.

Amongst the papers of M. Frédéric Braun, a celebrated amateur of Dresden, lately deceased, has been found the manuscript of an unpublished opera by Winter, composer of the "Interrupted Sacrifice."

The Emperor of the French has bestowed a yearly pension of 2,400 francs upon Félicien David, the composer of "Le Désert," "Christophe Colomb," and "Herculanéum."

The rehearsals of Rubinstein's new opera, "Les Enfants des Landes," are going on actively at Vienna, and it is probable that it may be brought out the latter end of the present month.

A new opera by Nicolai Berend, "L'Epreuve du Cœur," has been successful at the Théâtre Royal, Copenhagen. The violinist Ole Bull is playing in the same city, and drawing crowded houses every evening.

A lyrical performance of Rossini's "Barbier de Séviglia" has just been given by the pupils of the

Conservatoire Impérial de Musique, Madlle. Balbi, MM. Capoul and Gourdin, taking the parts of *Rosina*, *Almaviva*, and *Figaro*, respectively.

A cantata, "Christmas," the words by A. von Platen, and the music by Ferdinand Hiller, has been published for voices and piano accompaniment.

At the seventh of the Gewandhaus concerts at Leipzig, a new manuscript symphony by Jadassohn was performed, and warmly received. Madame Clauss Czardady has just left Leipzig for Hamburg.

Messrs. Alexandre, the celebrated harmonium manufacturers, have just brought out an instrument the name of which indicates its use—*L'Annexe-piano*. It seems to be a sort of harmonium on a small scale, with three octaves of notes, and three stops, the flute, the oboe, and another somewhat resembling the *vox humana* in an organ. The key-board of the instrument is placed almost immediately under that of the piano, so that the right hand can play the melody on the *Annexe*, whilst the left takes the accompaniment on the piano.

Another new instrument is also spoken of, called a *Lithophone*, invented by a musical amateur, M. Bordes; it consists simply of pieces of silex, varying in length, and struck by two or more hammers. As far as we can judge from the accounts in the French journals, it seems in no way different from the rock-harmonicon, exhibited some twelve or fifteen years since, in Bond Street, upon which Mr. Richardson and his two children used to perform.

The following prizes are offered by the Society for the Cultivation of Ecclesiastical Music at Paris:—First Prize—A gold medal, value 300 francs, for the best short mass, containing the following movements:—A Kyrie, Gloria, Credo, Sanctus, a short piece to be played during the elevation of the Host, and an Agnus Dei. Second Prize—A silver medal, value 150 francs, for the next best composition. First Prize—A gold medal, value 200 francs, for the best motett, provided it be of easy execution and moderate compass. Second Prize—A silver medal, value 150 francs. First Prize—A gold medal, value 300 francs, for the best set of organ pieces (not less than three), with or without pedal accompaniment. Second Prize—A silver medal, value 150 francs. Besides the above, twelve bronze medals will be given to those whose compositions rank next in order of merit. All manuscripts are to be sent to Messrs. Hengel, 2 bis, Rue Vivienne, Paris, before November 10, 1861.

THE DRAMA.

HAYMARKET.

One more failure of Mr. Tom Taylor's is to be recorded, and for the third time during the present season a new piece has been withdrawn within three weeks of its production. "The Babes in the Wood" has followed in the wake of "Up at the Hills" and "The Brigand and His Benker." We confess to having hoped for a longer continuance of the "Babes in the Wood," but in the present unsatisfactory condition of dramatic art in this country, it is not surprising that the popular taste should be fickle and hard to reckon upon. "The School for Scandal" has been again brought forward to supply the deficiencies of modern comedy.

DRURY LANE.

The season at this theatre has come to a somewhat untimely conclusion, and we fear it has been far from successful. Scanty audiences, looking all the more scanty in that vast edifice, have shown that Mr. E. T. Smith had not been judicious in catering for the theatrical public. The only new play of any importance brought out here was unquestionably a failure, we mean Mr. Watts Phillips's "Story of the 45." The lessee has probably too many undertakings now in hand. No wonder that one fails now and then.

SCIENCE.

ROYAL INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.

Mr. George Godwin, V.P., F.R.S., F.S.A., in the chair.

After a discussion on the advisability of arriving at a speedy decision upon the proposed architectural

examination, the Rev. Mackenzie Walcott, M.A., Membre de la Société Française d'Archéologie, read a paper upon "Church and Conventual Arrangement," tracing the development of ecclesiastical architecture and ground-plan, and giving a description of the disposition of their cloisters by monastic bodies. He gave a succinct account of the churches of the East, the Byzantine and Basilican and Lombardic schools, the ecclesiastical styles of Germany, Italy, Spain, Belgium, France, the North of Europe, and Russia; and then proceeded to delineate the expansion of English church architecture, from the buried Church of St. Piranus in the sand to the acme of its perfection previous to the Reformation, taking in detail the entire external form and internal arrangement of the cathedral and minster, and distinguishing the different ground-plans adopted by the various orders of monks, secular and regular canons, and friars. The second part of this paper, which was of considerable length, was devoted to the consideration of the cloister, refectory, dormitory, guest-house, sacristy, treasury, abbot's place, and all the courts and offices found in a monastery, illustrating the English arrangements by similar continental buildings described by MM. Schayes, de Caumont, Viollet-le-Duc, and others. He professed his belief that the ground-plans adopted by the various orders could not in every case be reduced to distinct rules, having been modified owing to controlling circumstances of site, period, and means; and he accepted the principles of symbolism and orientation only in a modified form. A debate followed, in which Messrs. Ferguson, Feney, Penrose, Godwin, and other Fellows of the Institute bore testimony to the importance and validity of the views adopted by Mr. Walcott.

BRITISH ARCHAEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

Nov. 28.—The first meeting of the session—T. J. Pettigrew, F.R.S., F.S.A., V.P., in the chair, who reported the election of twenty-five new associates, making a total of accessions during the year of sixty members, among whom are the Earl of Powis, Viscount Newport, M.P., Sir C. R. Boughton, Bart., Hon. and Rev. George Bridgman, Revs. C. H. Hartshorne, M.A., R. W. Eytton, M.A., F.S.A., Edward Egerton, M.A., A. R. Hamilton, M.A., J. J. Moss, M.A., J. Adams, M.A., J. James, M.A., J. Ridgway, M.A., F.S.A., J. C. Macdonald, Captain Thorneycroft, Captain Crampton, Drs. Hood, Frendenthal, Edward Leven, M.A., F.S.A., W. H. Bayley, F.S.A., C. Faulkner, F.S.A., J. W. K. Eytton, F.S.A., George Maw, F.S.A., S. Wood, F.S.A., T. Page, C.E., S. L. Sotheby, F.S.A., H. Hope Edwards, Esq., &c., &c.

The Chairman reported subscriptions and donations of considerable amount, varying from two to twenty guineas, in aid of the publication of the "Collectanea Archaeologica," in addition to the established quarterly journal, which now consists of sixteen volumes. Numerous presents of books, photographs, &c., were laid upon the table, received from the Royal Society, the Societies of Antiquaries of London and Edinburgh, the Smithsonian Institution, Royal Dublin Society, Somersetshire Archaeological Society, Canadian Institute, &c. Mr. T. Wright reported the progress of excavations making at Wroxeter, and produced various coins of Constantine and other Roman emperors there discovered; also, a bronze ornament enamelled, of a circular form, a portion of mortar bearing the impress of a leaf of oak, with nut-galls, &c. Mr. Christopher, through the Rev. Mr. Ridgway, forwarded notes on a remarkably fine brass at Lübeck (a photograph of which was presented by Mr. R.) of two bishops of the date of 1317 and 1350. The execution is of the finest description and most elaborate in detail. Dr. Kendrick exhibited a bronze tap of the sixteenth century. Mr. Wills exhibited the brass matrix of an early seal of the freemasons, also a large collection of keys, padlocks, tobacco stoppers, &c., of various dates found in different localities. Mr. Forman exhibited a remarkably fine Celtic bronze sword, found in the Thames at Battersea, probably the largest yet discovered. Mr. Roberts presented a drawing of the pig of lead seen by the association at Linley Hall, Salop. Mr. V. Irving read notes in reference to Sir Gardner Wilkinson's paper in the "Journal" on the "Rock Basins of Dartmoor,"

and other British Remains in England," to mark the existence in this island of two distinct branches of the Celtic family, an earlier and a later, whose respective languages consisted of two distinct and easily-distinguished dialects. Mr. Syer Cuming exhibited a variety of specimens of Bellarmine, with figures, medallions, heraldic bearings, &c., and gave illustrations of numerous early vessels for drink, which gave rise to a lively discussion, and occupied the remainder of the evening.

ROYAL INSTITUTION OF GREAT BRITAIN.

General monthly meeting, Monday, December 3, 1860.—Sir Charles Hamilton, Bart., C.B., in the chair.

The Rev. Alexander Denny, M.A., and Henry Snaith, Esq., were elected members of the Royal Institution.

Carl Hag was admitted member of the Royal Institution.

Henry Bence Jones, M.D., F.R.S., was elected secretary of the Royal Institution, in the room of the Rev. John Barlow, M.A., F.R.S. resigned, who was elected a manager.

The following arrangements for the lectures before Easter, 1861, were announced:—Six lectures on the Chemical History of a Candle (adapted to a juvenile auditory), by Michael Faraday, Esq., D.C.L., F.R.S., &c., Fullerian Professor of Chemistry, R.I.; twelve lectures on fishes, by Richard Owen, Esq., D.C.L., F.R.S., Fullerian Professor of Natural Physiology, R.I.; twelve lectures on Electricity, by John Tyndall, Esq., F.R.S., Professor of Natural Philosophy, R.I.; and ten lectures on Inorganic Chemistry, by Dr. Edward Frankland, Esq., F.R.S., lecturer on chemistry at St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.

December 4, 1860.—George P. Bidder, Esq., President, in the chair.

The discussion upon Mr. Preece's paper "On the Maintenance and Durability of Submarine Cables in Shallow Waters," was continued throughout the evening.

At the monthly ballot the following candidates were balloted for and duly elected:—Messrs. A. Beasley, H. Gill, W. G. Owen, I. H. Park, A. Perdonnet, and I. H. Stanton, as members; Messrs. H. C. Coulthard, T. Greenwood, E. D. Hamill, T. W. Kinder, I. H. Lloyd, F. Selby, G. L. Vaughan, and Captain J. Puckle, as associates.

CHEMICAL SOCIETY.

November 15.—Professor Brodie, President, in the Chair.—Messrs. J. H. Player, A. Norman Tate, F. V. Paxton, H. Brunner, and G. W. Brown, were elected Fellows. The following papers were read:—"On the Crystalline form of Metallic Chromium," and "On the Colouring Matter of Persian Berries," by Prof. Bolley; "On the Basic Carbonates of Copper," by Mr. F. Field; and "On the Separation of the Volatile Ethyl Alkaloids," by Dr. Hofmann.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

December 5.—George Cruikshank, Esq., in the chair. The paper read was on "Electro-Block Printing; especially as applied to enlarging or reducing any printing surface, or original drawing," by Mr. H. G. Collins.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Mon., Dec. 10.—Royal Geographical Society, 81.—"Communication with the S.W. Provinces of China from Rangoon, in British Pegu," by Captain R. Sprye and R. H. T. Sprye, Esq.; "Notes on the Proposed Communication Between India and China," by J. McCoeh, Esq., M.D., late of the Bengal Staff.

Tues., Dec. 11.—Institution of Civil Engineers, 8.—Continued Discussion upon Mr. Preece's Paper on "Submarine Telegraph Cables." Zoological Society of London, 9.—On "Reptiles Collected in Guatemala," and other Papers, by Mr. Salvin.

Wed., Dec. 12.—Royal Society of Literature, 43.—Royal Academy of Arts, 8.—Lecture on Anatomy, by R. Partridge, Esq. British Archaeological Association, 81.—On "A Seal of the Duke of Gloucester as Lord High Admiral of England, 1460," by Mr. Pettigrew; "The Employment of Vessels and Hollow Bricks in Ancient Buildings," by Mr. Syer Cuming. Society of Arts, 8.—On "Italian Commerce and Industries," by Professor Leone Levi.

THURS. Dec. 13.—Royal Society, 81.—Society of Antiquaries, 81.

SATUR., Dec. 15.—Royal Asiatic Society, 3.

THE UNIVERSITIES.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENTS.

OXFORD, DEC. 6.

At the end of this term the first and last of the private halls will in all likelihood be defunct. Mr. Litton, who started one of these establishments some five years ago, has been presented to a living by the Bishop of Gloucester, for whom he has acted as examining chaplain during the last few years. Mr. Litton was a double first-class man, once fellow of Oriel, and subsequently vice-principal of St. Edmund Hall. When the late principal of St. Edmund Hall died, and that establishment came under a different régime, Mr. Litton quitted it and opened a private hall. Shortly afterwards he was appointed rector of St. Clements, by the then Lord Chancellor. A few years ago Mr. Litton was Bampton lecturer. He is, as may be expected, of what are commonly called evangelical opinions, and is undoubtedly a gentleman of great learning and equal modesty. Such preferment as he has, came to him very slowly, but it has come very deservedly.

When the act of 1854 came into operation, great things were expected from the institution of private halls. It was imagined that the university would be indefinitely extended, and that these establishments would serve three purposes: First, it was thought that parents who desired a more exact supervision over their sons than any college could give, would avail themselves of the services of those residents who lived in private houses, and would be willing to undertake the office. Such an arrangement would not have been economical, but it would have ensured discipline, and in effect would be the revival of the system which prevailed in the last century. Secondly, the system would provide cheap education, by giving opportunities for the collection of young men who, living entirely in common, would be debarred from those temptations to expense which are so frequently overpowering, and who would be bound by a stricter discipline than is possible in the colleges and existing halls. Thirdly, it was to meet the social difficulty about the entrance of Dissenters to the university. When the act of 1854 took away the necessity of subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles, and so forth, on matriculation and taking the degree of B.A., it provided no means whereby those who decline this subscription, or would not assert that they were *bona fide* members of the Church of England, should be admitted to the university at all. And thus it was thought that the Nonconformist bodies who had so strenuously contended for the abolition of tests at matriculation and graduation, would avail themselves, by the institution of private halls for the education of persons of their own persuasion.

None of these things have happened. No attempt has been made on the part of wealthy and anxious parents for the education of their sons within the precincts of the university at private homes. It does not appear that Mr. Litton's establishment was much more economical than that in some of the halls and colleges might be, if the undergraduate were frugal; and the only Dissenters who have availed themselves of the benefits of the university are one or two Roman Catholics, and one or two Jews. The whole scheme has been a failure from beginning to end.

It is not a very difficult matter to explain why these anticipated results have not taken place. The prestige of the existing colleges was so large that it must be a very exceptional case indeed when parents are disposed to forego the convenience of these institutions; and in the present state of feeling, it must be a very dangerous person who cannot be trusted in them, and who thereupon must be brought under more rigid control. I for one should be shy of such a character, if negotiations were entered into with me for receiving him. Nor would it be easy to set up a cheap place of education. There are no houses fit for the purpose. Much of Oxford belongs to corporations who have no inclination to allow rivalry, and no means at their disposal for speculating on their own account. And the conditions under which private halls shall be established, and especially that which prescribes that the head of the private hall should be a Master of Arts, i.e., a *bona fide* member of the Church of England, are an

effectual bar to Nonconformists creating institutions for their own members, if indeed they had the inclination.

I have refrained from commenting on the impending election for the Sanskrit professorship, which is to take place on Friday afternoon, and the result of which will therefore be too late for your impression. It would have been well if other periodicals had done the same. The advocacy of the "Times" has done Mr. Müller a world of injury. Only those who are Oxford men can imagine how much mischief is produced to any candidate when any external force or pressure is brought to bear on any Oxford election, whether it be parliamentary or municipal. But now that the election, as far as your publication is concerned, is over, I may say that the present feeling is in favour of Mr. Williams, and the current opinion is that he will win. It is easy to see why this is the case. Oxford contains several prizes under the name of professorships. These are of very various value, ranging from £1,000 to £100 a-year. The Boden Sanskrit is said to be of the former amount. Now, no doubt Mr. Williams has been looking forward to this office all his life, has been teaching, learning, publishing for it. No one doubts his competency, not even those who have been unwise enough to slander it. Hence people argue that if men who have given up their lives to a particular study, being Oxford men, and have laboured to make themselves known for their acquaintance with a specialty, do not get their reward, but are postponed to popular and worthy people enough—people conceivably more able, but aliens to the university, or merely adopted sons—that the discouragement is heavy and the proceeding impolitic. We are no doubt concerned to give a fitting holder the bequest made by Colonel Boden; we are bound, as trustees of a valuable and important endowment, to make an election which is no scandal, and to choose a person who shall be competent for the office; but we are also bound to consider the best interests of the university, and thus to estimate favourably, and even preferentially, the claims of our own graduate. So strong is this feeling, that I have heard several of Mr. Müller's supporters say that they really hope Williams will win.

The Prince has made two handsome presents to the union and the rifle corps of £100 a-piece. The union is divided on the application of the gift. Some are for getting a portrait of the donor, others are for expending the money in books. The former is the most complimentary, the latter the most useful, destination of the present. For the other prize, it is understood that it will be laid out in a "cup," to be shot for by the members of the corps. It seems a pity that it was not funded, and another sum raised and added to the fund, from the proceeds of which an annual Prince of Wales's prize might have been forthcoming. At least, so I hear from several of the members of the corps. Unluckily, the corps is not quite so effective as it was in point of numbers. I have heard that there were more than a hundred resignations a fortnight or so ago, and that the reason why these defaulters were so many was, that they did not like the trouble of drill and the invasion of their other amusements. If it be so, it is a great pity, for the exercise was good, the object laudable, and the outlay, by the side of most undergraduate pursuits, small. People say, with what truth I do not know, that while the movement was in its first enthusiasm, the horsekeepers, billiard-table people, boatbuilders, and the like, were a good deal discomfited. Perhaps the term and its ordinary weather have damped the energies of the youth. Perhaps, too, the Prince's presence, and Colonel M'Murdo's inspection, will revive the cause. It is said that the needful 300 were raised with some difficulty on Monday last.

The estate, the purchase of which was sanctioned a week or more ago in convocation, is, we are informed, of considerable prospective value. The purchase-money is large enough, and the necessary improvements will be an additional outlay. But on the whole the investment is said to be good. In short, the university is suffering from a plethora of funds, and it is well to place them securely as speedily as possible. Your readers are aware that the powers of the university to purchase land are unlimited, this being one of the corporations

which are exempted from the operations of the Mortmain Act.

CAMBRIDGE, DEC. 6.

The proctorial trials to which I called your attention last week have come off, and have resulted in nothing—that is, nothing is settled by them.

Nominally, verdicts have been given for the plaintiffs, against the university. But this is only in name, and the question really remains to be tried by a higher court. So far as the thing has gone, although the verdicts have been entered for the plaintiffs, the university has thoroughly succeeded in establishing its jurisdiction. No candid reader of the report of the trial, I should suppose, can entertain any serious doubt about the matter. The eminent judge who tried the cases, Sir William Erle, seemed to have no shadow of doubt in his own mind; nor did the jury either, so far as they were able to form a clear opinion; but they were probably impressed with the necessity of sacrificing consistency to clamour and ignorant prejudice—wherefore they returned a verdict so self-contradictory that the judge protested against it, and only received it as a matter of form, and as a preliminary to ulterior proceedings. The law, whether a good or a bad law, is foreign to the matter in hand—the law is in these words:—"It shall be lawful for the vice-chancellor and his deputies and their servants to make scrutiny, search, and inquiry in the town of Cambridge and the suburbs for all common women, vagabonds, and other persons suspected of evil (*suspecti de malo*), coming into the town; and all persons which, by any such search, may be found guilty, or suspected of evil, to imprison of their bodies." Great and irresponsible power may be conferred by this enactment; but there it is, and the Court of Common Pleas and the jury sitting therein had to administer, not to amend or criticize, the law. The proctors in the present case acted as proctors have acted for ages—with a decided tendency to the benefit of students and of the town at large, despite any theoretical objection to their powers. The learned judge put the issue to the jury in the form of three questions:—1. Had the proctors reasonable ground for suspecting the plaintiff of idle, disorderly, or immoral conduct? 2. Did the vice-chancellor, having become satisfied of the matters alleged by the proctors, believe the plaintiff to have been in the company of undergraduates for idle, disorderly, or immoral purposes? 3. Is the Spinning-house a fit and convenient prison? To the first and third questions, the jury replied in the affirmative, and it is quite impossible, upon any supposition of honesty, that they could have done otherwise after hearing the evidence. Having replied in the affirmative to the first question, one would have thought—only there is not much logic in the heads of Westminster jurymen—that an affirmative to the second question followed necessarily. But having ascertained from the judge that that would amount to a verdict for the defendant, and probably feeling bound as patriots to strike a blow at "monkish tyranny" in Cambridge, they persisted in declining to give the required answer of "Yes," or "No," and said the vice-chancellor should have made further inquiries into the character of the plaintiff, and they awarded her 40s. damages. With reference to the pleas, this was a contradiction and an absurdity. My belief is, that the university would have no objection to any reasonable modification of the proctorial system, which should remove any substantial ground of objection, at the same time that it preserves the power over the morals of the young men who are committed to its charge. But if it is to be harassed and abused by speculative lawyers, and other ill-conditioned persons, who shall blame it if it stands upon its privileges, and refuses to be driven out of them?

I am not yet in a position to give you any definite information about the Prince of Wales. All I can say about his Cambridge career is, that Madingley Hall has been taken for him at a good round sum, and one hears that he is "coming in January." Perhaps it is as well that these things should be done quietly.

The educational work of the term is well ahead over. The 16th of the present month is the day when Michaelmas term actually ends; but the outward "busses indicate that many men have "kept"

their term, and are off for the Christmas holidays. A certain sign that term is virtually over, exists in the cessation of military displays. We hear this week none of that daily popping to which our ears have become accustomed, nor is Trumpington Street rendered lively and almost impassable of an afternoon by a dense mass of volunteers and followers. Last Friday was a sort of winding-up day. The volunteers were inspected upon that day by Colonel M'Murdo upon Parker's Piece, in the midst of slush and drizzle, for a more wretched day was never seen. Notwithstanding atmospheric miseries, ladies ventured upon the scene of action, for nothing will damp their martial ardour. The inspecting colonel gave the volunteers a very good character, which I think they deserved, for they are really getting to be an effective body of men.

HEILIGENBLUT, A TRADITION OF CARINTHIA.

No traveller should visit Carinthia without spending a few days at Heiligenblut, which is so charmingly situated as to have earned the name of the "Austrian Chamouni." The highest village in the valley of the river Moell, it is nestled at the foot of the Gross Glockner, or Great Belfry, one of the loftiest mountains in the Austrian Alps, whose principal glacier, called the Pasterze, may almost compare in extent and picturesque beauty with the famous Mer de Glace. It is not, however, with the surrounding scenery, but with the name of the village—Holy Blood—that we have now to do. Connected with it is a strange tradition, not related either in the English guide-book of Murray, nor in the far superior German guide-book of Baedeker; and which, told as briefly as possible, runs as follows:—

Among the saints of the 10th century the holy Briccius was held in high repute for sanctity and purity of life. On his arrival during one of his pilgrimages in Constantinople about the year A.D. 914, the Emperor immediately installed him as his spiritual adviser; and soon found that with the counsel of so good a man all his enterprises prospered, and all his enemies were put to confusion. But Briccius saw with sorrow that his imperial master was little better than an infidel at heart as to the truth of the Christian religion; and as persuasion and argument alike failed, he prayed a miracle from heaven, by which the Emperor might be turned from doubt and confirmed in the true faith.

The prayer was granted in the following wonderful manner. It happened that at this time there dwelt in the city a certain Jew, who had an utter scorn of Christianity, and boldly determined to test the pretensions of its Founder by a sacrilegious act. Accordingly, on one of the high festival days he stole into a Christian temple, and approaching a picture of the suffering Jesus, dagger in hand, stabbed it in the heart. Forthwith the sacrilege was avenged, for from the rent in the canvas poured out a stream of warm blood, as though the picture were alive. The situation was grave. A death by torture, or at all events a tooth or two, would be the punishment for such a crime as the Jew had committed. His only chance seemed to be in flight. Accordingly he attempted to escape from the city, but a citizen who happened to be passing saw him, and stopped him to ask where he was going, and why he looked so terrified. He was silent until the citizen promised him his life, when he told his strange tale, and then the two went to the church together, to see the miracle. There was the holy blood in a pool upon the pavement. The man knelt down, and the Jew—probably as his only remaining mode of escaping death or torture—professed the Christian faith, and was duly baptised.

The miracle had a good effect, too, on the Emperor's mind. He was confirmed by it in the true faith, and thus the prayer of the holy St. Briccius was answered. The blood was sealed in a small bottle, in which it remains to this day.

II.

The time was now drawing near when Briccius must leave Constantinople. The Emperor, grateful

* Das Blut des Heiligen—"The blood of the Holy One."

for so many services, was anxious to bestow on him a farewell gift, and bade him choose what it should be. He asked for the bottle of the holy blood. The Emperor gave it, but soon repented of his gift, and sent messengers after St. Briccius, who had departed on his road to Carinthia, to take it back again. Briccius, however, was not to be defrauded of the sacred relic. When he saw the messengers approaching, he turned from the road, and cutting open the calf of his right leg, hid his treasure there. The wound immediately healed, and thus he escaped, the messengers finding no treasure on him, and he travelled onwards until he arrived at the valley of the Moell in Carinthia, whence he started to cross the Tauern pass into Salzburg; but he never reached his journey's end, for, missing the way, he was overwhelmed, while crossing a wild Alp, by an avalanche which swept him to destruction.

Thus the holy blood seemed irrecoverably lost. It was, however, destined to be brought to light by two providential interpositions. Some peasants who were coming up the mountain side on a Christmas night to fetch some hay stored up in a lofty chalet, happened to pass the snow heap under which St. Briccius lay buried. They were amazed to see three full ears of corn shooting in mid-winter through the snow. They deemed the strange plants to be a sign from heaven, and told it to the priests, who ordered them to dig into the heap, to see if aught were hid there. They did so, and soon found the corpse of the saint, with the ears of corn growing from his heart. Judging the body to have been discovered directly by the aid of Providence, none presumed to fix its burial place. It was resolved to leave that to the same supernatural agency which had created the ears of corn in the winter's snow. Accordingly, two untamed oxen were brought and yoked to a funeral car, in which was reverently placed the sacred corpse. Wherever they drew the car there it was agreed should be the burial place, and there a church built to the dead man's memory. The oxen drew their burden down the mountain side and across the river Moell, where they stopped of their own accord. Here, therefore, the saint was worthily buried; but none knew of the sacred relic hidden in his body.

Briccius, however, seemed determined not to rest in his grave. No sooner was the coffin lid fastened than it was struck off, none knew how, and the right leg of the corpse appeared elevated into the air. With care it was replaced, and the coffin again re-fastened. A second time the lid was burst open, and a second time the leg replaced. But in vain; again the coffin burst, and again the leg presented itself to the astonished gaze of the bystandings. The priests determined to open the leg, and within it the sacred bottle containing the holy blood so marvellously brought to this remote Carinthian valley was found. A church was built, in which it was placed and where it still remains, while beneath, relieved of its sacred enclosure, the body of Saint Briccius quietly reposes.

Henceforward the village near was known as Heiligenblut, from the tradition above narrated. The traveller may see the bottle in the church, in a shrine decorated by many votive offerings brought by those who have been cured of diseases by gazing on the sacred blood. He can read, too, the foregoing narrative in the series of rough pictures which surround the walls.

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TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LITERARY GAZETTE."

SIR,—Permit me to disclaim ever having had any connection with the house of "Saunders, Otley, and Co." Their statement in your last number requires me to re-assert my previous intimation that my engagement was with the late firm of "Saunders and Otley," and I beg to add that such engagement terminated, at my own instance, fourteen years before the present house was in existence.—Very obediently yours,

CHARLES J. SKEET.

10, King William Street, Charing Cross, Dec. 3, 1890.

LITERARY OBITUARY.

BARON VON BUNSEN.

SOME weeks ago the public journals led us to expect that this eminent man would not be long amongst us, and his death has not therefore taken any one by surprise. A few months more and he would have completed the outside limit of human life—"threescore years and ten." But his removal will leave a void in many English circles; and the great minds of Europe, however differing from him in the details of grand questions of religious and moral interest, will acknowledge that in him they have lost an amiable man, a profound scholar, a valorous inquirer after truth, and a politician who was always ready to sacrifice his interests to his convictions.

Our limits confine us to an almost bare obituary notice of Karl Josias Bunsen. His parentage is said to have been humble, but respectable. He was born without von before his name, on the 25th August, 1791, at Korbach, in the principality of Waldeck. Under the parental roof his early training must have commenced, because it was in his 17th year when we first find him in a public seminary, that of Marburg. From 1809 to 1813 he studied at Göttingen under the famous Heyne, gaining great honours during his academical career; and meanwhile, in 1811, obtained a professorship in the gymnasium of the same city. Perhaps to this circumstance he owed something of the pedagogue which attached to him, but in an amiable form, all his life. Two years afterwards he published his dissertation "*De Jure Atheniensium Hereditario*," which recommended him to the notice of the learned.

In 1813 he resigned his professorship in the gymnasium. It was a world too narrow for him; and he set out on his travels, not pleasure but knowledge seeking, and to complete his studies in antiquities and the Germanic middle age. To Holland he first went, and then to Denmark, where we find him prosecuting a knowledge of the oldest living branch of the Gothic language—the Icelandic—under the direction of the famous Finn Magnussen. On his return to Berlin he entered into friendly relations with G. B. Niebuhr, who must have found in the young and ardent philologist a man to his heart. In 1815 he is in Paris attending the lectures of the French Orientalists, and, under the direction of Sylvestre de Sacy, studying Persian, Arabic, and the Sanskrit languages. From Paris he peregrinates to Rome, where he renews his acquaintance with Niebuhr, and where he is on the point of proceeding to India, as travelling companion to a wealthy Englishman, less for the sake of emolument, than from the hope that on the soil of India he would make greater progress in the knowledge of the cradle tongue of Europe. This came to nothing. But in Rome, Niebuhr is Prussian Minister at the Papal court, and he becomes his secretary. This was a grand turning point in Bunsen's life. With means and ample leisure he was able to devote himself to the study of the antiquities and topography of Rome, and, as a result, appeared in due time his work, "*Beschreibung der Stadt Rom*" (a description of the city of Rome). In 1822 Frederic William III. was in Rome, and Bunsen conciliated the favour of that prince by his erudition, and by the interest he took in the religious questions of the day. After all, the bent of Bunsen's mind was more theological than secular, and secular learning he regarded only as an auxiliary to his theological studies. We should, however, be opening up a question too large to discuss were we to enter upon the theological views of the Prussian king, and how far they had the concurrence of his learned subject. It is enough for this rapid biography to state that Frederic William attached Bunsen definitively to his service, gave him the post of *chargé d'affaires* at Rome after the departure of Niebuhr, in 1824, and three

years later named him his resident minister. His diplomatic duties did not greatly interfere with his regular studies in the Roman capital. We find him studying Plato, the constitutions of antiquity, liturgies, ecclesiastical history, and archaeology. In 1826, the younger Champollion was in Rome, and Bunsen's attention was turned towards Egypt through making his acquaintance. Out of this arose the encouragement he gave to Dr. Lepsius, afterwards the rival of Champollion, to study the hieroglyphics of Egypt, and out of this, finally, his own esteemed but still uncompleted work—"Egypten's Stelle in der Weltgeschichte"—(Egypt's Place in Universal History). In the following year, 1827, he made the acquaintance of our own Thomas Arnold, who was then staying in Rome for a fortnight. Acquaintance ripened into friendship, and although they did not see each other until twelve years afterwards, the letters which passed between the two, in the interval, form one uninterrupted chain of manly challenge, sympathy, and affection. Arnold in Bunsen found a willing listener to his latitudinarianism; Arnold reciprocated, but with clear English intellect, the somewhat misty views of his German friend. Certain it is that to Bunsen it is due that Arnold afterwards wrote his "*History of Rome*." In literature we have never perhaps had such an exact repetition of the masculine love of a David and Jonathan. Arnold speaks of Bunsen's "entire and enthusiastic admiration of everything great, and excellent, and beautiful." Bunsen was no less eulogistic of his friend Arnold. Bunsen's enthusiasm in the cause of science led him to associate himself with Gerhardt in the foundation of an archaeological institute. He participated in all the labours of that society until 1838, and caused to be erected for it a fine building, near the Capitol, where he resided. At Rome he founded also a Protestant hospital and sought every opportunity to propagate around him ideas of reform.

Of Baron von Bunsen as a diplomatist and politician it is not exactly within our province to speak; still, a few facts must be mentioned to give a kind of completeness to the present notice. He participated largely in the negotiations relative to the delicate question of mixed marriages. He even returned to Berlin, in 1827, to receive from the king precise instructions. In 1832 he wrote a memorandum, and obtained from Pope Leo XII. a letter which was to put an end to the debates; but the intolerance of the Ultramontanes defeated the intentions of the Court of Rome. Bunsen's position at Rome became intolerable; he demanded his recall, and proceeded to England in 1838. At the Oxford Commemoration of 1839, the honorary degree of Doctor in Civil Laws was conferred upon him, in the presence of his friend Dr. Arnold. The same year he was named Minister to the Helvetic Confederation, an appointment which he held until named the representative of his sovereign at the Court of St. James's. This latter post he held from 1841 to 1854. During this period he made frequent visits to Berlin on the invitation of Frederic William IV., who wished to enlighten himself by his experience and his counsels. It is stated that, in 1844, he urged upon the king to give a liberal constitution to Prussia, and to establish a deliberative assembly, divided into two chambers. This copy of English institutions was not conceded, and perhaps wisely. The institutions of a country to be permanent must spring from its own germs, and be marked by its own individuality. In England, Bunsen was received with great cordiality in every enlightened circle. It is said that there were those who frowned upon his lowly birth and made his candour a demerit. It is possible that his liberalism in politics, and singular views in theology may have made him more objectionable to certain classes than his plebeian origin. He was decidedly opposed to the pro-Russian views of his own government in 1854, and took his leave for ever of London, to the great regret of almost every one. His single-mindedness, in fact, was always in opposition to the current theories of diplomacy. From the date of his retirement from public life, Bunsen resided on the Rhine, occupying himself with his favourite theological studies, reading and writing. It is said, for sixteen hours a day. From Frederic William IV. he received his patent of nobility, and his own university of Göttingen

conferred upon him the degree of D.D. In the midst of his political occupations he never abandoned his favourite literary and theological investigations. His works are numerous, and have for the most part been translated into English. In 1843 appeared a kind of evangelical treatise, "*Elizabeth Fry an die Christlichen Frauen*," &c. (E. Fry to Young Christian Maidens and Wives); in 1845, "*Die Verfassung der Kirche der Zukunft*" (the Constitution of the Church of the Future); in 1847, "*Ignatius of Antioch and his Times*." Bunsen, as did afterwards the Rev. Dr. Cureton, declared the epistles of Ignatius to be forgeries. Other works from his pen, giving them under English titles, are, "*The Liturgy of the Passion Week*," "*Christianity and Mankind*," better known under the title of "*Hippolytus and his Age*," "*The Basilica of Christian Rome in connection with the History and Idea of Church Architecture*," the "*Life and Letters of Niebuhr*," and "*Egypt's Place in Universal History*," already mentioned. These in no wise sum up his learned labours; but they indicate the direction of his studies.

In private life Bunsen was a perfect gentleman, amiable and conciliating, the patron of art and literature—and always ready to co-operate with others in promoting good works. Literature and philosophy were his passion, but never interfered with his *bonhomie*. Some of his schemes have proved failures, as witness his joint-stock bishopric scheme in Jerusalem, and many of his ideas will never be realised; but only the narrowest judgment will withhold from him the tribute of disinterestedness and the love of truth. His family are nearly all settled in England. His eldest son, the Rev. Henry G. de Bunsen, is rector of Lilleshall, in Staffordshire, and chaplain to the Bishop of Manchester. Another son, Ernest, chancellor to the Prussian Embassy, married a daughter of the late Samuel Gurney, Esq., the banker.

MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT announce the following works for appearance in December: "*Two Years in Switzerland and Italy*," by Fredrika Bremer, translated by Mary Howitt, 2 vols. "*Lodge's Peerage and Baronetage for 1861*," corrected throughout by the nobility; "*Six Years of a Traveller's Life in Western Africa*," by Francisco Valdez, 2 vols. 8vo., with numerous illustrations; "*The World's Verdict*," a novel, by the author of "*The Morals of May Fair*," "*Magdalen Havering*," a novel, by the author of "*The Verners*," "*Twelve o'Clock*," a Christmas story, by the author of "*Grandmother's Money*," in 1 vol.; and a new edition of Sir Bernard Burke's "*Family Romance*," forming the new volume of "*Hurst and Blackett's Standard Library of Cheap Editions*."

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Notwithstanding the large accessions of business made annually through a long series of years, which obviously increase the difficulty of further advances, yet the Fire Premiums of the year 1859 rise above those of the preceding year by a larger sum than has been obtained by the increase of any single year since the formation of the Company excepting the year 1853, disclosing an advance of 50 per cent. in three years. To this circumstance must be attributed the gratifying announcement that the accounts for the year show a profit of £43,488 2s. 4d.

The following figures exhibit the progress of the whole Fire Branch, running over the last ten years:—

	Total Premium received.	Increase of the Year above each preceding one.
1850.....	£44,027 10 0	£9,557 19 8
1851.....	52,073 5 11	8,645 15 11
1852.....	76,925 4 2	24,251 18 3
1853.....	112,564 4 4	35,639 0 2
1854.....	128,459 11 4	15,895 7 0
1855.....	130,060 11 11	1,601 0 7
1856.....	151,733 9 6	21,672 17 7
1857.....	175,049 4 8	23,315 15 2
1858.....	196,148 2 6	21,098 17 10
1859.....	228,314 7 3	32,166 4 9

Placing the Company among the very largest offices in the Kingdom. Indeed, it is believed that there are now only three Offices in existence which equal it in Fire Revenue.

LIFE BUSINESS.

The Directors desire to call the especial attention of the Proprietors to the statements of the Life Branch of the establishment.

The Actuary's Report on this subject is accompanied by an appendix, containing the fullest particulars of the investigation made, and is illustrated by two coloured diagrams, which make plain to the unprofessional eye the mortality experienced by the Royal, as indicated by curved lines, which contrast most favourably with the former averages of mortality, also displayed on the diagrams.

It is expected that these elucidations will attract a deep and profitable attention to the subject of Life Assurance in the minds of tens of thousands who have hitherto given no heed to its principles and advantages; and it is evident that this Company, as well as others, will not fail to reap much of the favourable consequences to be anticipated.

The Bonus apportioned to the Assured, with participation, amounts to 25 per cent. per annum, to be added to the original sum assured of EVERY PARTICIPATING POLICY effected previously to the 1st of January, 1859, for each entire year that it had been in existence since the last appropriation of Bonus thereon, and is one of the largest Bonuses ever declared.

PERCY M. DOVE, Manager and Actuary.

JOHN B. JOHNSTONE, Secretary to London Board.

SAUCES.—CONNOISSEURS HAVE PRONOUNCED,

LEA & PERRINS' "WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE" one of the best additions to Soup, Fish, Joint, and Game. The large and increasing demand has caused unprincipled traders to manufacture a spurious article; but the "GENUINE" all bear Lea and Perrins' name on Bottle, Label, and Stopper.

Sold by COOKE and BLACKWELL, London, and all respectable Officines and Grocers.

Sole Manufacturers,

LEA & PERRINS, Worcestershire.

TRADE MARK.

BROWN & POLSON'S PATENT CORN FLOUR.

THE LANCET STATES,

"This is superior to anything of the kind known."

First of the kind Manufactured and Patented in the United Kingdom and France, as explained with Engravings in "The Illustrated London News," of May 20th. Supplied by BROWN and POLSON, to Her Majesty the Queen, by order from Buckingham Palace. It is in great favour wherever it has been made known; for PUDDINGS, BLANCMANGE, &c., preferred to the best arrowroot, and especially suited to the delicacy of CHILDREN and INVALIDS.

BROWN and POLSON,

Manufacturers and Purveyors to Her Majesty,

Paisley, Manchester, Dublin, and London.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

METALLIC PEN MAKER TO HER MAJESTY

BY ROYAL COMEND.

JOSEPH GILLOTT begs most respectfully to inform the Commercial World, Scholastic Institutions, and the public generally that, by a novel application of his unrivalled Machinery for making Steel Pens, and, in accordance with the scientific spirit of the times, he has introduced a new series of his useful productions, which for excellence of temper, quality of material, and above all, cheapness in price, he believes will insure universal approbation and defy competition.

Each Pen bears the impress of his name as a guarantee of quality; and they are put up in the usual style of boxes, containing one gross each, with label outside, and a facsimile of his signature.

At the request of persons extensively engaged in tuition J. G. has introduced his

WARRANTED SCHOOL AND PUBLIC PENS,

which are especially adapted to their use, being of different degrees of flexibility, and with fine, medium, and broad points, suitable for the various kinds of Writing taught in Schools.

Sold Retail by all Stationers, Booksellers, and other respectable Dealers in Steel Pens.—Merchants and wholesale Dealers can be supplied at the Works, Graham Street; 96, New Street, Birmingham;

No. 91, JOHN STREET, NEW YORK; and at 37, GRACE-CHURCH STREET, LONDON.

BY HER MAJESTY'S ROYAL LETTERS PATENT.

MR. ESKELL, Surgeon Dentist, 8, Grosvenor Street, has PATENTED AN INVENTION for the CONSTRUCTION AND ADAPTATION OF ARTIFICIAL TEETH and GUMS, which has the following extraordinary advantages:

First—A set of Teeth of exquisite workmanship and mechanism can be fitted with the most perfect accuracy and success IN TWO HOURS, without pain or extraction of stumps, and answering all the purposes of mastication and articulation.

Second—They are fixed without bands, wires, springs, or fastenings, by a movable, flexible, and imperishable base, from which such an extraordinary power of suction or self-adhesion is obtained, that the teeth are perfectly immovable, except at the option of the wearer.

Third—Artificial Teeth made in the ordinary way are rendered useless by the loss of any of the natural teeth to which they are attached, but by this patent they are not impaired in the slightest degree, are always useful, and will last a life-time.

Fourth—Residents abroad or in the country can adjust these teeth in any of the above cases, without the aid of a dentist.

Mr. Eskell's patent, of which he is the sole inventor and patentee, can only be procured at his residence, where specimens may be seen and every information obtained. Decayed Teeth stopped. Loose Teeth fastened. All consultations free. Terms strictly moderate.—8, GROSVENOR STREET, 33, Old Steeple, Brighton.

When you ask for GLENFIELD STARCH see that you get it, as inferior kinds are often substituted.

FORGERY AND FRAUD.—Understanding that there is at present an attempt being made by some unprincipled parties in our city to deceive the public with an inferior Starch, made up in packets closely resembling the GLENFIELD STARCH, we consider it our duty to warn our fair readers to be careful when purchasing to see that the word "GLENFIELD," and the maker's name, "ROBERT WOTHERSPOON," is on every package, as none others are genuine.

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JUST IMPORTED,

THE PALE FROM NEWFOUNDLAND, AND THE LIGHT BROWN FROM NORWAY.

THE Supplies of the present Season have Never been surpassed, the fish being unusually fine, and the oil nearly tasteless. Professors Taylor and Thompson, of Guy's and St. Thomas's Hospitals, have analysed, and pronounced the Pale Newfoundland Oil the best and most desirable for invalids of very delicate constitution.

The Light Brown being more Economical in price, is brought within the reach of all Classes.

No higher price need be paid than the following:—

Light Brown, 1s 8d per pint, or 3s per quart.
Pale, 1s 6d half pints, 2s 6d pints, 4s 6d quarts; or in five-pint bottles, 10s 6d, Imperial Measure.

At 79, St. Paul's Churchyard.

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1860. Just published, post free, Three Stamps,
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The extraordinary advantages obtained by Gabriel's system are a perfect set of Teeth, adapted with the utmost accuracy by a visit of an hour, without any operation, and without the use of springs, wires, or any metals. Sharp edges avoided, and an amount of suction or adhesion perfectly astonishing obtained; while their success is guaranteed in the most difficult cases, even when other methods have failed. They are not affected by the ordinary changes of the month, or even the loss of Teeth (if any remain); thus dispensing with the further services of the Dentist. The best material, which are warranted to remain pure and sweet, only employed, while the expense is even less than half the ordinary cost. References to patients and testimonials may be seen. Inspection by the medical profession and all interested is particularly requested by Messrs. GABRIEL, Dentists to the Prince of Orléans. Established 1815. See Diploma.

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Sir Charles Locock, Physician-Accoucher to her Majesty, stated at a meeting of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society, that in sixteen cases of epilepsy he had effected permanent cures by the use of bromide of potassium, being one of the chemical preparations of the above salt.

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"Stourbridge, April 19th, 1868.—Sir, I have before acknowledged the receipt of a case containing a bottle of your Chlorate of Potassa. In accordance with your wish, I write to inform you that I have nearly taken the whole of it, and seem to be completely free from the fits, I not having had but one slight attack since I commenced taking the medicine; whereas, previous to my doing so, I frequently had four or five during the course of one night. The only disposition I now feel is an irregularity in the action of my bowels, which, if I could have removed, I should be in the enjoyment of perfect health.—I am, Sir, your very obedient servant, GEORGE BOWLER."

Dr. Hall's Chlorate of Potassa may be procured, by order, through any chemist. In cases of Epilepsy, and other malignant diseases, the large bottles are preferable, as they are several degrees stronger than the small ones, and because it is absolutely necessary that Chlorate of Potassa be taken for a considerable period, as its beneficial action depends upon its being absorbed by the blood, and sometimes for several weeks after all symptoms of the disease shall have ceased, inasmuch as it oxydizes the blood and removes vitiated humours, imparting vigour and relief to the most debilitated constitution; or the Discoverer would advise according to the particular symptoms, if consulted.

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Sold in sample pots at 1s., and ordinary at 5s., 10s., and 21s., by SUTTON and Co., Chemists, Store Street, Bedford Square. Order of your Chemist in town or country. BARCLAY, Wholesale Agent, 93, Farringdon Street.

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The success which has attended these pills has had no parallel in the annals of medicine, and the principle upon which their action depends as a purifier of the system, being well understood and universally admitted amongst medical men; it is not saying too much that every person of weak lungs or delicate habit suffering from the above disease, should not despair until they have tried how far they may tend to relieve their symptoms; and of course it cannot be pretended in every case to effect a cure, but believing that the majority of those diseases which hitherto have defied medical men have been relieved by this medicine, it is unhesitatingly recommended to the notice of the world at large, who, although perhaps prejudiced against patent medicines, may be induced in this instance to accept the position and high medical qualifications of the discoverer to be some guarantee for the soundness of the theory that "Electricity is Life," and that purified charcoal, containing an abundance of carbon, is the best remedy for supplying the deficiency of this substance in the animal frame.

Certificate from Dr. Andrew Ure.

March, 20, 1840.

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To Dr. Sargeant, M.R.C.S.

Certificate from W. T. Brande, Esq., of her Majesty's Mint, F.R.S., Professor of Chemistry at the Royal Institution, &c. &c.

I think your proposal of introducing carbon into the system by the medium of charcoal is very reasonable, and likely to do good.—W. T. BRANDE.

Opinion of Sir Benjamin Brodie.

It appears to me that your mode of prescribing charcoal is a very convenient form of administering what may prove a most useful medicine.

Dose for coughs, asthma, hoarseness, consumption, &c., two at night and two in the morning.

For indigestion, debility, nervousness, epilepsy, one three times a day; one hour before each meal, and two every other night at bed-time.

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STROYING POWDER, unrivalled in destroying Fleas, Bugs, Flies, Beetles, Moths, and every species of insect, and harmless to animal life. Sold in Packets, 1s. and 2s. 6d. each (1s. Packets sent free by post for Fourteen Stamps), by THOMAS KEATING, Chemist, 79, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C.

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